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AUGUSTA:
A TALE OF THE MUTINY
OF 1857
IN THREE CANTOS
AND OTHER POEMS

BY
THOMAS BENSON LAURENCE.

"Curs'd be the verse, how well so'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe;
Nor would I on a lady's aspect raise
One blush, to gain a thousand conceits' praise."

GEORGE WYMAN & CO., PUBLISHERS,
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To

THOMAS JONES, Esq.,

Asst. Secretary to the Govt. of Bengal,

§c. §c. §c.

MY DEAR SIR,

THIS being the last volume of trifles with which perhaps I shall ever trouble the Public, and as it is now on the eve of publication, I do not know any one except yourself to whom I can with propriety dedicate the work. There are many circumstances which point to you as the most proper person whose name I should select to ornament my book, and to shed its lustre over its pages. It is not necessary in this place to dwell upon those circumstances, nor shall I attempt here to expatiate on the many virtues which so eminently distinguish you. It is not for minds like ours to flatter or to receive flattery, but you will at least accord permission to the voice of candour to acknowledge that in thus wishing to associate your name with mine, my principal object is to record my acquaintance, for upwards of twelve years, with a man of talent, of integrity, of steadiness of purpose, and of sound and unerring principle. In the humble hope that you will accept this dedication in the spirit in which it is offered permit me to subscribe myself,

With great respect and esteem,

Your most obedient and faithful Servant,

T. B. LAURENCE.

13th August 1866.

P R E F A C E.

IN laying before the Public the following sheets of rhyme, a considerable portion of which can only be characterized with any degree of candour as "prose run mad," the writer disclaims all pretensions to literary merit. The principal Poem (if he may so call it) with which the book opens, was never suggested by the gay and ambition-inspiring smiles of the Muses, and the very plot of the tale was in its embryo long after the intention to publish such a work had been first announced to the world. The fact is that the writer had been suffering for some time under the combined influences of ill health and poverty, with many helpless objects of his care and solicitude surrounding him, and his inability to administer to their wants had become a source of serious anxiety, when the thought presented itself that he might endeavour to obtain for them a temporary relief by the efforts of his pen, and then came the suggestion to write a new Poem regarding the Mutiny. The difficulty, however, of the task was only felt when it was too late to retract, for a considerable portion of the Public, representing the taste, enlightenment, and liberality of Calcutta, had already volunteered to patronize the undertaking. Having no other alternative, and at the same time feeling perfectly incompetent to follow any regular

plan or method in the execution of the Poem, he has contented himself with simply throwing a few disjointed incidents into rude and unpolished rhyme. He now presents the work to his kind friends and patrons with all its imperfections, thanking them for the promptness with which they have responded to his call of distress, and disavowing all desire for literary or poetic fame. To the critics he has but little to say. Their applause may perhaps lend a soothing influence to a heart which has been tried by many disappointments and various afflictions, but their censure will be misdirected if it be meant to deny him a reputation which he does not covet.

As to the minor pieces, the majority of them have already appeared either in distinct publications or in various periodicals of the day. Many of them were written several years ago when the author was a mere boy, and were first published in the *Englishman* newspaper, and the *Calcutta Literary Gazette*, conducted by the late Captain D. L. Richardson, a name which shall be long cherished by the Indian world of letters. Some of the pieces have also appeared in *Chesson and Woodhall's Miscellany* published in Bombay, and in various other publications which existed or are existing in different parts of India through which the writer was doomed to wander for several years.

CALCUTTA,
September 1st, 1866. }

T. B. LAURENCE.

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AUGUSTA:

A TALE OF THE MUTINY.

CANTO I.

I.

WHO hath not watch'd with rapture in his eye,
Daylight first peeping thro' the orient sky ;
Or seen the morn in infant smiles array'd,
Like virgin hope erewhile the heart's betray'd ?
 Angelic is the hour when every thing
 Breathes incense at the shrine of memory ;
 When all reminds us of the vanish'd Spring,
 Of life's young morn and youth's light revelry.
The sun's bright beams are dancing on the stream,
Our smiles were just as bright 'neath childhood's dream !
The flowers are deckt with gems which night hath flung,
Those flowers were coronets to us when young ;
The birds are gaily singing in the groves,
Thus did we sing our infant hopes and loves ;
The butterfly on rainbow wings hath come,
To make yon rose his bride, that bower his home,

Thus did we hie when health and youth were ours,
To seek the fairest buds from beauty's bowers :
The breeze is gently wafted thro' the leaves,
How like the sigh which love's young bosom heaves !
Thus did we breathe the sigh of love in youth,
When lip was purity, and heart was truth !

II.

But oh ! how lovelier still that hour appears,
Where Agra famed her snowy turrets rears ;
Where thousand domes and minarets arise,
To please the eye and pierce the radiant skies :
Where stands in wondrous loveliness and gloom,
That miracle of skill—the palace-tomb—
The far-fam'd Taj, within whose marble womb,
Repose in death two beings side by side,
The doating monarch and that monarch's bride !

III.

Unrivall'd fane ! thee, in thy bright array,
What boasted pen, what pencil shall pourtray ?
What breathing colours paint, what language tell,
The charms of genius that around thee dwell ?
Did human art a lovelier structure rear,
Since infant earth commenc'd her long career ?

* Notwithstanding the extreme beauty of the Taj, a shade of melancholy gloom seems to hang over the whole structure and the surrounding atmosphere.

Did human genius e'er conceive—design—
A thing more rich, more glorious, more divine ?
Ah ! well might art and genius both combine
To fashion, finish, and give forth to earth,
A double monument of woman's worth,
And man's eternal love that could not die,
Though death had snatch'd the object of its sigh !
Mumtaj Zemani,* happiest of thy sex,
What charms, what virtues matchless and complex,
What moral magic, say, could thus subdue,
And keep a Moslem's heart unchanged and true,
Could thus a mighty despot's bosom melt,
And kindle love where quenchless lust had dwelt ?
It boots not now to know what secret power
Rendered a monarch's life one long enamour'd hour :
Enough—the guerdon of thy love shall be,
Full many a kindly thought thro' many an age for thee !

IV.

'Tis May-day morn—upon yon snowy pile
The sun-beams are at play, like love's pure smile
On beauty's brow. On river, dale and bower,
That orb is glowing from its eastern tower,
While myriad flowers are laughing in its light,
Those day-stars of the earth—brief, beautiful, and bright,
Whose od'rous sighs, by viewless winds convey'd,
Like mercy's pray'rs above the culprit's head,

* Such was the name of the beautiful empress to whose memory the Taj was erected.

Are ling'ring on yon fortress' rocky brow,
Which witness'd many a deed of blood ere now.
The wild bird's notes are ringing in the glade,
The bee is humming 'neath the citron shade,
And like gay youth that sings, and sues, and sips,
Drinking delicious sweets from beauty's lips,
In her bright sunny hour of youthful bloom,
And then consigns her to a friendless doom,
That insect too, ravish'd by beauty's power,
And basking in the glare of spring-tide hour,
Feeds on each flow'r just opening to the day,
Then giddy with the conquest flies away—
That insect, too, in ruin takes delight,
Nor does its tenderness survive its appetite !
From bush and brake the bulbul's plaint is heard,
And from yon bough that love-delighted bird—
The ring-dove—all with joy and pride elate,
Sings to his loving, list'ning, guileless mate,
Oh ! that all human love shar'd such a fate !

V.

'Mid such a scene how pleasant must it be
To rove with nature, hope, and poesy,
To think one's thoughts and dream one's dreams awhile,
And bid them with reflected lustre smile !
But who is she that by the river's bank,
Culls the sweet blossoms yet with dew-drops dank ?
Oh ! who is she that like a child of mirth,
So slightly bounds along the flow'r-deck'd earth ?

What Houri, that escaped from Paynim bowers,
Hath come to while away the sunlit hours—
Or hied here, from the jealous *purdah* driven,
To breathe awhile the fresh, pure air of heaven ?
Away, away, she is no Moslem's bride,
Tho' born and bred where such have liv'd and died.
Her garb and mien a different faith betray,
And her bright eyes in music seem to say,
That Saxon blood within her veins doth flow,
Tho' India's climate shades her brunette brow :
Yet did a Houri's garb that maiden wear,
Lovlier than Houris she might well appear ;
Did she like Moslem damsels bind her hair,
No Harem lady could with her compare.

VI.

Tho' light her steps, and careless seems her eye,
Her bosom anon heaves a gentle sigh—
A sigh as soft, and fragrant too as those
Each flow'r she gathers to the zephyr throws ;
And if you scrutinize her look with care,
You'll find some trace of sadness ling'ring there ;
Her cheek is paler than it us'd to be,
And in those coral lips there's less of glee ;
Her forehead too is not so bland as when
She gather'd flowers last in that same glen :
But still she loves those flow'rs, and still to stray
Along that fresh, green mead at early day.

That scene wakes many a thought, to memory dear,
Of whisper'd vows—of words of love sincere—
Of golden visions weav'd round that wild dream,
Which lends to future years a hallow'd beam,
Like faith's bright star, whose steady, tranquil ray
Still cheers and guides the soul, go where we may—
The first wild dream of love !—alas, alas,
That that dream too like other dreams should pass
Away so quickly ! Life has nothing dearer,
Nor earth has aught resembling heav'n nearer.

VII.

But whence that sadness—wherefore doth she sigh ?
What checks the current of her young heart's joy ?
Alas ! her thoughts are of the absent one—
The treasured idol of her heart, and none
Shall pierce that bosom's sacred guise to tell
What fond impassion'd energies there dwell ;—
What hopes within its bright recess appear,
What thousand fears are darkly rankling there.—
Enough, her thoughts are with the absent one,
Whose cherish'd mem'ry must thro' life shine on !

VIII.

And who that happy one—where does he rove—
Where wastes he hours so purely due to love ?
Alas ! life has its duties to fulfil,
Other than those which tyrant love may will ;

And there are souls with sterner virtues arm'd,
With glory's zeal—ambition's ardour warm'd,
Who, while they own the mighty tyrant's power,
Disdain, beneath his wand, to crouch and cower,
When nobler duties call, and higher aims
Upon their energies assert their claims.
Young Arthur thus was formed, whose absence now
The maiden contemplates with cheerless brow.
His breast with passion's warmest ardour burn'd,
Yet ne'er had he from glory's visions turn'd :
He felt love's fiercest flame, but then he knew
Love was a virtue and a weakness too :
To beauty he his homage freely gave,
Yet to that passion's power he was not all a slave,
Nor would he, like the Roman hero fly,
And lose a world to gaze upon his mistress' eye.

IX.

Sprung from a sire for British valor fam'd,
And who a long and glorious lineage claim'd,
In Arthur's veins ran no ignoble blood,
Altho' conceived by one of Moslem brood.
She, who in Harem bowers disdain'd to pine,
Was eke the daughter of a princely line,
Whose beauty had enslav'd an English knight,
Whom Albion's blue-eyed maids fail'd to delight ;
And those who knew the youth at once declar'd,
His father's soul, his mother's charms he shar'd,

For 'mong all other gifts they could descry,
His father's tamelessness—his mother's eye.

X.

Too early left an orphan, he had grown
Familiar with deep care ere youth was flown ;
The stamp of grief his manly forehead bore,
And on his cheek its early trace he wore.
Tho' twice twelve summers had he scarcely seen,
A dark'ning cloud hung o'er his mind and mien,
While fiercest passions struggled in his soul,
And these he strove to keep within control.
But oh ! such task is fatal—it gives pain,
More than the human spirit can sustain ;
Like troubled billows dashing 'gainst the rock,
The passions sweep, and to withstand the shock
Bold must the heart be. Ah ! who can pourtray,
The fatal strife when men would hold his sway
O'er the dark empire of himself, and be
The vanquisher of his own will, and free
To think and act, quell down the anarchy
Of hope or fear, of envy or of love,—
Such strife is bold—worthy of gods above !

XI.

In his young days of bliss and wild excess :
When the rapt heart at woman's loveliness
Exultant leaps, and when from beauty's eye
One glance can thrill the soul to extacy,

Arthur had sigh'd to many a blooming fair,
And oft perchance his sighs woke love sincere
In gentle hearts, upon whose golden dream
His image play'd wrapt in a hallow'd beam.
But ah ! such loves are castles built of snow,
That but awhile with magic splendour glow,
Then softly melt away, leaving no trace,
Save memories of its vanish'd loveliness.
But when he saw Augusta's matchless charms,
His spirit felt and own'd the fierce alarms
Which real, genuine love alone inspires,
And kindles thro' each vein devouring fires.
Oh ! who can tell th' absorbing power and might
Of that wild flame, which like the sun's great light,
Extinguishing the beams from other orbs,
Or like the rod the prophet threw ; absorbs—
Swallows each minor feeling of the heart,
And will not, while existence lasts, depart.

XII.

But 'twas not long that they had met and lov'd,
Not long that each the other's soul had mov'd,
Ere doom'd to separation's cruel blow,
Arthur to Delhi's classic walls must go,
A post of fame and glory waits him there,
And he must leave behind his own-lov'd fair :
He knew it well the parting would cause pain,
But he in gladness would return again,

And crown'd with honor, glory, rank and fame,
Prove worthy fair Augusta's charms to claim.

XIII.

'Twere vain to hear, and vainer still to tell,
The grief, the anguish of that sad farewell.
Those who have felt that moment's awful thrill,
When passion raves and reason's voice is still ;
When spirit clings to spirit, lip to lip,
Whose balmy warmth love would forever sip ;
When swelling with the madness of despair,
The rent heart asks, " When shall we meet and where ?"
Ah ! they alone do know, but dare not tell,
What 'tis to say to those we love, " farewell."
All eloquence must fail, words have no power,
To paint the terrors of that grief-touch'd hour.

XIV.

One lock of hair the parted lover left,
And one long kiss, young love's delicious gift ;
With added promise, which seem'd to contain
A buoy to sinking hope, " we part to meet again."

CANTO II.

I.

Fast fades the sun along fair Meerut's wall,
And o'er her domes eve's misty shadows fall,
But ere that darkness yields itself to light,
Dark deeds of blood shall there be done to-night ;
And long pent-up revenge commence a course,
That shall exhaust cruelty's dire resource,
For modes of torture, pain, dishonor, death,
Which ages yet unborn shall hear with anxious breath.

II.

The clock strikes ten—the town is wrapt in gloom,
No moon is there the darkness to illumine ;
A death-like silence reigns thro' dome and tower,
Hush'd is the voice of love in hall and bower,
Both youth and age in slumber's chains are bound,
While strength on beauty's breast reposes sound ;
And many a chief of many a gallant corps,
Has gone to rest, perchance to rise no more.
When lo ! what light from yon cantonment gleams,
What sudden lustre o'er the city beams ?
What armed figures on yon pavement throng,
What sprites, on war-steeds mounted, dash along
The broad streets, bearing each a burning brand,
And each a naked sabre in his hand ?

With hellish yells night's peaceful spell is rent ;
And the late tranquil town rings with ferment.

III.

Alas !—Fire, fire,—the town is in a blaze,
And tumult, fear, their thousand voices raise.
Ho ! treachery—mutiny !—the valiant band,
Whose fame is known on Chilianwallah's strand,
And many a shore besides, and many a land—
The third light cavalry—that once would shed
The last life-drop its last man had, to wed
Its name with British triumphs, and hath fed
Upon the salt the grateful British gave,
Ay, that band, once so loyal and so brave,
Hath broken faith at last and prov'd untrue,
And oh ! its cause fair Albion long shall rue.
Whate'er that cause, it boots not here to tell,
'T is not our task upon that theme to dwell.

IV.

Rapid and fast the rebels' work is done—
Their prelude work, and ere to-morrow's sun
Shall sink to rest, their fame for monstrosity—
For crimes and deeds unheard in tragedy—
Shall flash to India's furthest shores, and make
Ev'n hearts of villainy with terrors quake.
The Christian chiefs lie slain, and women's prayers,
Their charms, their helplessness, their groans and tears,

Alas ! alas ! have pleaded all in vain
To save them from disgrace—pollution's stain.
The town is burning—ha ! it looks like day—
The streets o'erflow with gore—away, away,
The rebel riders and their coursers fly,
T'wards Delhi's walls with shouts of revelry.

V.

And as they fly, *budmaskas** swell the rear,
From many a town and hamlet far and near ;—
Seduc'd by hopes of riches, rank and power,
And dreams of many a love-delighted hour—
By visions fair of blue-ey'd damsels driven,
From Christian homes by Paynim vengeance riven—
Of lordly mansions and of joyous ease,
Of golden spoils those damsels eyes to please,
When British rule is crush'd and tumults cease—
With eager zeal they round the standard flock,
To brave the battle-fire—the wreck—the shock.
Among this crew contrasted there moves one,
Who seems of nobler race than many a Moslem's son.
His stately gait, his mien, his lip's proud curl,
His falchion's weight which few strong arms could whirl ;
His eye's keen glance, his brow so high and fair,
The accents of his voice, so rich, so rare ;
Are proofs he's not of those he moves among,
But from another tribe—another lineage sprung.

* Bad, disreputable characters.

Mark him—keen are his eyes and bickering blade,
But seems from Christian faith a renegade :
That man, misled by passion and by zeal,
Will yet make many a trembling spirit feel.

VI.

From France, that land of liberty and love,—
Whence his brave sire, inclin'd to rove,
Had cross'd the main for India's distant shore,
Nor sought his native country ever more,—
He drew his breath. Of gentle blood he was,
But while a little boy—foredoom'd to pass,
His sunny, spring-day boyhood in exile,—
His father brought him out to share his toil.
That father's name, his glory and renown,
In many a strife, in many a struggle won,
By deeds of valor and by dint of skill,
Fame sings to many an Indian craven still.

VII.

In courts and camps where Eastern splendours blaze,
Young Jaffier passed his thoughtless, early days :
No friends he had—no mother's love he shar'd,
He grew a thing all careless and uncar'd ;
And oft when duty call'd the sire away,
The son was left without restraint or sway.
Nor learning's store his youthful mind did grace,
Nor virtue o'er his soul left early trace.

A TALE OF THE MUTINY.

Thus headstrong, wayward and self-will'd he grew,
Shunn'd, hated, fear'd by many, lov'd by few,
Yet brave, and high, and generous was his soul,
Warm with strange passions he could scarce control.

VIII.

Reliev'd from toil, at length his aged sire,
Within fair Agra's walls chose to retire,
There all remov'd from noise and anxious care,
The tranquil joys of life resolv'd to share ;
There with his son he sought to pass away,
The evening of his life's eventful day,
In quiet ease, in study and repose,
Freed from its noontide heat and thousand woes :
Riches and honor, rank and fame were his,
And these might lend to age some gleams of bliss.

IX.

The pulse beats high, the heart grows wild, in sooth,
When happy boyhood yields itself to youth ;
When charms that gild life's dawn recede from view,
And the rapt soul must fiercer joys pursue ;
When on the spirit's bright horizon seems,
The star of love to rise and shed its beams.
When every glance from beauty's dark eyes flung,
And every word that falls from beauty's tongue,
Have magic powers to stir the guileless heart,
And to its core a nameless sense impart !

At such a stage of life was Jaffier now,
The stamp of manhood's dawn was on his brow ;
And tho' a strange and wayward youth he seem'd,
Of love's delights from childhood's years he dream'd,
And when that passion's power his soul first felt,
'Twas fair Augusta at whose shrine he knelt.
Long did he sue that maid with earnest prayer,
But she disdain'd his purest vows to hear ;
Long did he ask that fair one to bestow
The priceless heart which was another's now ;
Till worn with grief, and sick in heart, I ween,
With blasted hope and disappointment keen,
From Agra's ancient walls he bent his way,
To find 'mid other scenes a cheering ray
Of solace, and in absence seek a balm,
To soothe the smart, the ruffled soul to calm.

X.

From place to place he went, a wither'd thing,
That clung to none, and none to him would cling.
Week minds beneath the load of heavy grief,
In others' sympathy may seek relief,
But there are hearts as proud as brave, that feel
Most keenly, deeply, yet may not reveal
The inward strife and struggle, nor repose
In other's breast the secret of their woes.
The mateless eagle in his rocky cave,
The noble lion, bravest of the brave,

When of his young or generous spouse bereft,
Would rather be uncar'd, unheeded left.
Thus Jaffier, bearing in his bosom's shrine
The memory of all that once had seem'd divine,
With hopes and feelings blighted in their bloom,
And with life's early light chang'd into gloom,
Wander'd from place to place, from bower to bower,
Where many a beauty's bud, and many a flower
Ask'd the warm homage of a burning sigh,
But he unheeding, coldly pass'd them by ;
Nor sought to quell the tempest of his soul,
'Mid gay companions of the Lethean bowl.
But time will cool young passion's fiercest fire,
The wildest rage of love or warm desire ;
All things must lose their force, all things decay,
Even grief's best energy must die away,
And tho' the spirit's scar may still remain.
The wound will close, and vanish'd be the pain.

XI.

Long years had flown, and Jaffier felt at last,
O'er a bright fleeting vision of the past,
It was not well to mope life's life away,
And waste in vain regrets youth's sunniest day.
He now was in that land of fruits and flowers,
Where fair Umballah rears her snowy towers :
Full many a beauty there around him shone,
With heart and feelings tun'd to love's sweet tone,

Full many bright-eyed nymphs, earth's fairest flowers,
Sweet exotics from Europe's distant bowers,
Daily met his cold gaze, nor 'woke one thought
That love might treasure, as a gem long sought
Whereon to build a hope ! But days will fly,
And in their flight comes change of destiny.

XII.

Meanwhile a dark-eyed maid of Paynim race,
Who once had caught by chance a glimpse of Jaffier's
face,
With strange emotions pin'd in solitude,
Where oft his pleasant image did intrude,
Until at length it fixed upon her soul,
With force and fervency beyond control.
If aught can feed love's fire into a blaze,
'Tis cheerless loneliness and idle days.

XIII.

It was not long ere Jaffier too by chance, [glance :
Saw that sweet prison-bird, and met her dark eye's
Love has his own designs, and love hath power
To do the work of years in one short hour.
That stern proud youth was chang'd—he felt again
Love's flame rekindle thro' each weary vein,
And ere he of his fate could be aware,
He found his heart already in the snare !

It was in sooth the boy-god's strangest freak,
For who would deem that fiery youth so weak,
As thus to prove, within a moment's space,
A slave to passion he had strove to chase
For years out from his soul—Yet such things be,
Man's heart is but an awful mystery.

XIV.

But who—ah! who was she, that thus could 'wake
Expiring love to life again, and make
The heart's cold cinders blaze up into flame,
Extending light and joy unto the sinking frame?
Oh! well her charms such triumph might achieve,
And bid despairing passion smile and live!
Bright is the spell that beauty's rays impart,
Gilding with rainbows hues the ruins of the heart;
And fair Nusseebun's charms were such as those,
Eve's radiant star at dewy twilight throws;
For when she smil'd, sweet as soft seraphs do,
When deeds of mortal love attract their view,
Not only chas'd she sorrow's glooms away,
But cheer'd the soul with hope's delicious ray!
Ah! dazzling as the bard's transcendent dream,
When his rapt spirit's lit with heav'n's own beam,
Gentle as Houris' thoughts in Paradise,
Where beauty's rudeness wakes not passion's sighs;
Soft as voluptuous music's dying strain,
At silent midnight wafted o'er the main;

Lovely as Venus rising from the waters,
Fair as the fairest of Eve's fallen daughters ;
Pure as the martyr's hope of joy above,
Impassion'd as the first wild dream of love
Was she, that artless Moslem girl, sole child
Of a proud house, who now on Jaffier smil'd.

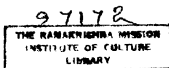
XV.

Long did they meet and sigh in secrecy,
Long did they love with love's wild energy,
But what alone made them conceal the flame,
Was Jaffier's Christian garb—his Christian name :
And these to throw off he resolv'd at last,
For these were all he own'd of Christian caste.
Sprung from a sceptic race and sceptic sire,
From childhood's years religion's hallow'd fire
Had never touch'd his soul with high desire ;
Nor did he care to know what mode of faith
Best arm'd the soul for the dread hour of death—
Best pointed out to erring man the way
To the bright regions of eternal day,
Or help'd to guide him thro' life's devious road,
And lead him safe to heaven's blest abode ;
So Jaffier deem'd it no spiritual loss
To embrace the crescent and renounce the cross :
This sad transition o'er, in pomp and pride
Th' apostate claim'd and own his long lov'd bride.
For this full many a scoff and many a jeer,
The luckless renegade was doom'd to bear ;

And fair Nusseebun's charms could lend a balm,
Contumely's deadliest stings to soothe and calm.
And coldly tho' he drank his bitter cup,
The mem'ry of each wrong was treasur'd up ;
Yet was he gentle to his wedded love,
For Moslem nymphs are softer than the dove.

XVI.

Ere India's soldiers, eating British salt,
Who erst like virtue shudder'd at a fault,
And would lay down their lives rather than be,
Accus'd of cowardice or treachery,
Forgot their duty and their gratitude,
And grim revolt in wild and maniac mood,
First bar'd her arm and stalk'd along the soil,
Where peace and plenty long had learnt to smile,
Jaffier to the doom'd city's walls had stray'd,
Where mutiny first rais'd her hydra head ;
But known as Jaffier Lallamond no more,
Shaik Lallmun was the name th' apostate bore ;
And when rebellion first her trumpet blew,
At once he to her blood-red standard flew,
And first and foremost join'd the rebel crew.
For then the mem'ry of a thousand wrongs,
That to the wounded bosom darkly throngs—
Awoke the sleeping venom of his hate,
Arm'd with the zeal, with ardent fires elate,
Which burn within the youthful convert's breast,
Writhing 'neath stormy passions' dire unrest.



CANTO III.

“ Strike your tents and throng to the van ;
 Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
 That the fugitive may flee in vain,
 When he breaks from the town : and none escape
 Aged or young, in the Christian shape.”

* * *

“ Even as they fell, in files they lay,
 Like the mower's grass, at the close of day,
 When his work is done on the levell'd plain,
 Such was the fall of the foremost slain.”

SIEGE OF CORINTH.

I.

The night hath pass'd away, and mornings beams,
 Are shining bright on meadows, bowers and streams :
 But Delhi's Christian souls, what do they now,
 Do their heart augur aught of coming wo ?
 Are there no signs by fates propitious given,
 To warn them of the coming wrath of heaven ?
 Ah ! no—nor signs nor omens lend their aid,
 Tho' death is hovering o'er each Christian's head ;
 But mark them, heedless of impending doom,
 The virgins in their pristine beauty's bloom,
 Smile on with wonted lustre in their eye,
 And bound along beneath the clear blue sky ;
 The young wives as on other days, prepare
 For visits, shopping, market, mart or fair ;

While some, their morning meal just done, retire,
To reading and repose, secure from Phœbus' ire,
But not from man's.—And there are others too,
About to wish their lords a fond adieu,
Before they leave their home for their day's toil,
Alas ! what streams of blood that home shall soon defile !
The matrons busy with their household care,
To kitchen or to nursery repair,
The men are at the counter, court or desk,
Ready with heart and spirit fresh and brisk,
Another day's dull routine to resume,
And toil and sweat on till the evening's gloom.

II.

But hark ! what babel noise breaks on the ear,
They come—they come !—the turban'd foes are near ;
Like ruthless tigers thirsting for their prey,
Like sprites of darkness black'ning all the way,
With thousand furies dancing in their eyes,
And serpents coiling round their memories,
They come, the traitors, with their swelling host,
To every human feeling dead and lost.
They've passed the city gate, and now they throng
Within the palace walls, where high among
Them stood the traitor prince—the puppet king,
Who might have liv'd and died a nameless thing,
But for the boon which British mercy gave,
And left him king tho' conquest doom'd him slave.

“ Hail ! scion of the house of Tamerlane,
Thy long lost empire thou hast gain'd again !
All hail ! Defender of our glorious faith,
The vile usurpers now shall rue in death
The wrongs and insults of a hundred years ;
Nor shall their wives, nor shall their children's tears
Bribe the avenging sword back to its sheath,
They all shall fall its righteous stroke beneath.”
Thus spoke the leaders of that ruthless herd,
The king well pleas'd, bow'd assent to each word.
Meanwhile the mob is rampant thro' the town,
“ Seek, kill, pursue, exterminate, cut down,
Each Kaffir Christian, woman, child or man,”
Such were the sounds that through the city ran.
Tumult, confusion, terror, rage, despair,
Now raise their thousand voices everywhere ;
The street o'erflow with waves on waves of gore,
Thousands are slain, and still they seek for more.
Hark to the women's shrieks—their dying groans,
Hark to the ravish'd virgins' doleful moans !
Hark to the old men's yells before they die,
Behold the babes, like slaughter'd lambs they lie !
Nor age, nor sex they spare—for Christian blood,—
For aught that seems of Christian tribe or brood,
Like hungry wolves they ransack all the town,
Just Heaven, what sin hath brought this vengeance
down ?
Alas ! what blood-dipt pen shall e'er essay,
To paint the horrors of that luckless day !

III.

Meanwhile they eye the well-stored Magazine,
A rich spoil waits, and they must enter in,
Soon from within the palace walls they bring
The scaling-ladders offered by their king.*
They scale—they enter—ha! few moments more,
And they may proudly own the priceless store—
The priceless store of Britain's means of war,
Ne'er meant to arm her foemen near or far,
Important hour for action and for thought!
Was there not one with patriot ardours fraught,
To avert the dreadful event big with fate?
Had every British heart then ceas'd to beat
Beneath the heartless traitor's murd'rous steel,
And none left e'en to watch the threat'ning ill?
Yes, thanks to fate, some heroes still survive,
Who to that event's force too keenly are alive,
And where a British heart sees peril near,
There's nervous thought, and nervous action there.
Young Willoughby, with only two brave men,
Had stood to guard that Magazine, but when,
They saw that all defence were idle—vain,
'Twas then those godlike heroes fir'd the train
Which they had laid, and in a moment more,
The town quakes to its centre, all the store,

* It is said to be certain that when the Magazine was attacked, and the insurgents could at first obtain no means of getting inside its strong high walls, the king, or one of his sons, ordered the scaling-ladders to be given out from the Palace.

The hoary pile itself, and traitors too,
Who stood within its walls, for not a few—
Nay, hundreds had already won access,—
A moment, ay, and all is nothingness,
Save the immortal memories of those
Who fell as Britons might, a terror to their foes.
'Gainst dark'ning ranks of Persia's countless host,
Of her three hundred brave did Sparta boast,
Nor vain the boast, tho' every hero fell,
She proved what metal in her sons did dwell :
But what were those three hundred to these three ?
Could these not make a new Thermophylæ ?

IV.

With graceful from—with brow erect and proud,
What Paynim horseman dashes thro' the crowd ?
Sullen and mute his onward course he steers,
His trusty sword is all the arm he bears.
Swift flies his barb towards the city gate,
As if on speed did rest his rider's fate :
Him, Jaffier saw, as friend belov'd of yore,
But now a rival and belov'd no more ;
“ Stop, Arthur, stop,” quick spoke the renegade,
The other heard the mandate and obey'd :
For he was Arthur, and but for that garb,
He would not now be on that fiery barb.
“ Arthur, I see thou'rt flying for thy life,
Nor will I check thy flight, tho' I have cause for strife,

'Thou'st wrong'd me much, but my worst foeman knows,
I wreak not vengeance on defenceless foes.
'Tis true thousands have kiss'd the earth to-day,
Defenceless and unarm'd, but none can say,
That one has fallen 'neath my honest blade,
Which only flashes o'er my foeman's head,
When we in manly, equal combat meet,
Such meetings oh ! to valour's self how sweet !
I've join'd this host, but not to slay the weak ;
In open fight my purpose is to seek
The bravest that your battle's ranks may grace,
And kill or yield, but always face to face.
Haste you to Agra's walls, and there defend,
Your altar and your hearth, or if it suit your end,
Go, gaze on your Augusta's charms awhile,
Perchance you may not long bask in her smile.
I'll be there soon, and if they give us fight,
Some quondam *friends* may shudder at my sight."
Arthur spoke not a word, but in his heart,
The quiet satire rankled like a dart ;
He turn'd his horse's head, and off he flew,
But who he was, save Jaffier, no one knew.

V.

A week had pass'd since that eventful day,
The sun's last beams were fading fast away—

Within a lonely bower Augusta sate,
Where high Secundra* looks t'wards Delhi's gate.
That luckless week had seem'd to her an age,
Spent out in anxious cares, in fears that rage
Within the tender and the ardent breast,
With dark foreboding's heavy glooms oppress ;
When the dear one whose thoughts are there enshrin'd
Afar 'mid perils of the deadliest kind,
In absence dwells alone, and none his fate
Can know, or what dire dangers yet await.
Strange rumours long had reach'd the city's ear,
Which vague at first, soon grew distinct and clear,
Of Meerut's sad disgrace, of Delhi's fall,
Of slaughter'd saints whose bones for vengeance call ;
And every day some tidings still were brought,
Of fresh rebellions, and fresh mischiefs wrought,
Amid such perils where can Arthur be,
Does he still breathe ?—if so, captive or free ?

*Secundra, at the time of the mutiny, was a beautiful village about six miles from the Fort of Agra, and some four miles from *Delhi Darwaza*, or the City gate which opens upon the road to Delhi. It was the seat of an extensive Mission, and the Secundra Orphan Press, the property of that Mission, was the largest printing establishment then in the North-West. The village was inhabited by several Christians fond of rural retirement, and the writer was a resident there for several months. It contains the splendid Mausoleum of Akbar, surrounded by a most magnificent garden which is perhaps only second in beauty and celebrity to that belonging to the Taj. When the mutineers entered Agra, they completely destroyed the Christian portion of the village, together with the Press and the Orphanage buildings, and did considerable injury to the Church and School premises.

Thus did the maiden question her own heart,
And that heart shrunk one answer to impart.

VI.

But hark, whose war-steed's tramp breaks on the ear ?
What horseman strives the city gate to near ?
The barb seems tir'd and scarce can further go,
And on his rider's face are marks of woe—
Distress and anxious care his look betrays.
Altho' his gait a high-born pride displays,
Torn is his Mogul garb, and loosely now
The turban sits on his unshaven brow,*
He seems like one who hath escap'd with life,
Thro' many a peril dark, thro' many a strife.
Him from her lattic'd bower Augusta saw,
Ah ! 'twas a moment whence despairing love might draw,
One draught of joy whose memory might live
To gild one long eternity of grief !
She quickly, wildly, madly rush'd to where
The horse and rider fast were drawing near—

VII.

Thro' Agra town a mandate has gone forth,
Each Christian to defend his house and hearth ;
Whoe'er the Christian's sacred name doth bear,
Must take up arms and for the worst prepare,
For every day the foe's expected there ;

* The Mahomedans universally shave their brows.

Since busy rumour with her thousand tongues,
 Hourly proclaims fresh tales of thousand wrongs,
 Endur'd at Jhansie, Lucknow and Cawnpore,
 And many a town beside, along fair Gunga's shore.
 This might have been the case at Agra too,
 But for her rulers, and the valiant few
 Who stood the trial firm, unshaken, true,—
 With heads and hearts both equal to the hour,
 When peril and misfortune darkly lour—
 But for such souls as Colvin,* Muir,† and Best,‡
 Raikes, Oldfield, D'Oyley, Pond and Prendergast,
 Thomas|| and Glasfurd, Cotton, Lamb, and Ross,
 And other lion hearts prepared to cross
 The worst extremes of fate, resolv'd to show
 How Britons die beneath the foeman's blow,
 When they can make a struggle, or a sword
 Is in their hands, tho' by o'erwhelming horde
 Outnumbered. * * * * *

97172. VIII.

Each Christain that within the town doth breathe,
 Able to make a sword spring from its sheath,

* The then Lieutenant-Governor of the N. W. P.

† Then Secretary to Government, N. W. P., now Hon'ble W. Muir, of the Governor General's Council.

‡ John Rycroft Best, then Joint Magistrate of Agra.

|| Major Thomas, who conducted for some time the *Mofussilite* Newspaper at Agra, was an accomplished soldier and scholar. He greatly distinguished himself in the battle of Shahgunge, when the mutineers attempted to take Agra.

Or bear a rifle's weight, is drill'd and arm'd,
And his high soul perchance already charm'd
With glory's dazzling visions, and with dreams
Of laurels gain'd, of valour's dauntless schemes,
In many a struggle with the rebel foe,
Whose last doom was to crouch beneath the Christian's
blow.

Meanwhile each fair that shone in camp or court,
Hath sought protection in the palace-fort*—
All women high or low, and children too,
Are safe within its high walls, firm and true.

IX.

Seven long weeks have darkly pass'd away,
Since that unhappy, ever mournful day,
When grim revolt commenced her sad career,
To lay fair India's plains all desolate and drear.
A hundred tow'ns, once lovely to the eye,
Now 'neath oppression's rule is doom'd to sigh ;
A thousand hamlets where meek peace had smil'd,
And love each rural swain, each nymph beguil'd,
Are ruthless swept away by sword and fire,
Tho' undeserving of a doom so dire ;

* During the time that Agra was the capital of the Mogul Empire, the Emperors resided in the Fort and used it both as a palace and a place of defence. This gigantic structure still contains various relics of ancient grandeur and imperial magnificence, especially the *Sheesh Mahal* and the *Motee Musjeed*.

But Agra stands as yet unscath'd and safe,
Prepar'd the Pandey's fiercest rage to brave,
Valour and Prudence there as yet maintain
Order and peace, which thro' the city reign ;
Nor even now internal hate they fear,
Its Christian souls are guarded everywhere :
Its Sepoy forces are disbanded—driven,
Scatter'd like leaves before the winds of heaven.
But tho' within the city all is peace,
Rumours of danger from without, each hour increase,
Of countless rebels hastening to its wall,
Of Cawnpore massacre and Lucknow's fall ;
And certain news is floating now abroad,
Of hosts from Neemuch and Nusseerabad,
Close at its gate, by many a straggler join'd,
Broken from many a rebel band, to find
Adventure or excitement here and there,
For change of scenes ev'n crime's cold heart can cheer.

X.

Hush'd is the city, tho' the foe is nigh,
And cheerless breaks the morn, the fifth July,*
Each spot that did to Christians erst belong,
And late with happy Saxon voices rung,
Is all deserted, sad, and desolate,
For every Christian is within the Fort's high gate.

* It was on that date that Agra was attacked by the mutineers and the battle of Shahgunge was fought.

At least each child and woman, while the men
Watching their foci at various posts remain,
Each woman and each child is in the Fort,
The helpless Christian's sole and last resort,
Each Christian—woman, child or man, is gone,
And none that bear that name are in the town,
Save one or two, betray'd by adverse fate,
Clung madly to their homes, resolv'd to 'wait,
Beside their altar and their hearth, the death
Which others fear'd, and *there* give up their breath.
Augusta's sire was 'mong these luckless few,
A stern old chief, whom every chieftain knew.
From youth to age a soldier he had been,
And many a fight, and many a skirmish seen,
And long in Scindiah's service was he known,
As bravest 'mong the valliant there that shone,
And there each veteran hero well could tell
How Jacob's keen blade flash'd the fears of hell.
But years and failing health bade him at last
Retire from toils which he thro' life had pass'd ;
And now life's gloomy ev'ning to beguile,
Two stars with tender beams upon him smile,
A beauteous daughter and a gentle mate,
Enough to gild the darkest hues of fate.
This warrior, brave in youth, and stern in age,
Disdain'd to fly before the rebel's rage ;
Nor would his daughter, nor his loving wife,
Coldly abandon him to save their life !

XI.

It is a gloomy morn—the earth is wet,
And in a lonely bower the lovers are met ;
Pale is her cheek with anxious thought and fear,
And in her large dark eye there hangs a tear.
Arthur with feeling clasp'd her in his arms,
And strove to soothe her dire but just alarms.
“ Fear not, dear love, altho' the foe is nigh,
There is time yet into the Fort to fly ;
I still can reach thee safe within its gate,
Safe from the certain ills that here await.”
“ Arthur, you know it well, I dare not fly,
And leave my father here alone to die ;
Better I perish too than that my sire
Alone should fall before the rebel's ire,
And his sole, cherish'd daughter be not nigh,
In danger's darkest hour to echo back his sigh,
Win his last look, his parting blessings share—
But who knows God may still protect us here.
I fear not death, but what I most do fear,
That I should this dark threat'ning day survive,
Bereft of thee and him, and still alive.”
“ Augusta, love, since you're resolv'd to stay,
May Heav'n preserve you here, I must away ;
This is no time to waste, the hour draws nigh,
When we must march to conquer or to die.”

XII.

Loud roars the English cannon thro' the town,
Th' unequal strife in Shahgunge has begun.
The Christians number scarce six hundred men,
The rebel flag six thousand strong sustain.
But in the former's veins was Europe's blood,
The fountain of that valour which have stood,
Triumphant and resistless like the storm,
When nodding forests 'neath its viewless form
Tremble and quake ; that valour which defied
Asia's vast millions, when the Persian's pride
Led swarming hosts to smiling Europe's shore,
Those swarming hosts doom'd to return no more !
And since that day of Persia's sad disgrace,
Full many a time, full many an Asian race
Have felt that valour's might, full long to rue
The day they made one Europe's son their foe.

XIII.

Loud speaks the cannon's voice, the stunn'd earth shakes,
And in the Fort each gentle, fond heart quakes.
High is the conflict, sore the battle's ire,
The rebels scarce withstand the Christian's fire ;
They waver, but the arm that's foremost there,
To rally back the weak, the brave to cheer,
Was that bold renegade's, whose sabre's might
Was deadliest in that dire, disastrous fight.

And now they seek the cover of their walls,
Gainst which the light artill'ry lightly falls,
While sad disasters tell on every side,
That fates refuse to-day the Saxon's arms to guide
'To victory ! But still the little band
Strives on, unshaken each man's heart or hand.
No dire mishap their spirits can appal,
Their tumbrils all explode, their heroes fall,
But still they struggle fiercely with the foe,
Still they dash on, and onward still they go ;
The field is almost theirs, but the bold renegade
Still cheers the rebel host, still wields his bick'ring blade.
And thrice he rode with fury in his eye,
Up to the front of th' English Cavalry*—
That Cavalry of eighteen untrain'd men,
The flowers of Christian courage, who, till then,
Had ne'er seen battle fire—and thrice inspired amaze,
Pausing each time, with cool and steady gaze,
Beneath the Christians' heavy musketry,
With pride and hatred blended in his eye.
At length he rush'd with all his mounted band,
Two hundred horse led by his stern command.
The mounted Christians likewise charged, and flew
To meet them, tho' in number far too few ;
But ah ! nor art, nor skill, nor courage can avail
'Gainst such o'erwhelming odds, the foes assail

* This was the Mounted Militia, which consisted of Mr. W. Muir and Mr. R. C. Oldfield, of the Civil Service, M. Jordon, the French equestrian, and a few Eurasians commanded by Major Prendergast.

With all their might, and many a brave heart now,
That living could not yield, in death lies low.
Their leader saw the danger, and at last
Order'd retreat, he too, poor Prendergast,
Receiving at his heart his mortal wound,
That heart whose like on earth is seldom found !
Brave D'Oyley, Oldfield, Thomas, ah ! those flowers
Of heavenly valour, sprung from Eden's bowers,
They too are fallen, still the field is ours,
The guns are silent, once more open fire—
The foes are wav'ring, ready to retire—
Charge once more, comrades, and our task is done—
One round of grape, and vic'try is our own !
Alas ! our empty tumbrils now deny
Their aid—the rebels just about to fly,
Now rally, bolder grown, and we must beat,
From field half won, a shameful, sad retreat !
The Fort is reach'd at last, and o'er its walls,
The sombre gloom of twilight darkly falls,
But Arthur lies behind among the slain,
'Mong heaps of dead upon the naked plain,
He fell as heroes fall, when foremost in the fight,
Against the mounted foes he rush'd with earnest might
'Twas Jaffier's hand that dealt the fatal blow,—
His sabre laid his friend and rival low.

XIV.

The fight is o'er—but who shall dare pourtray
The closing scenes of that eventful day !

What tongue shall tell, what pen shall write the woes,
The hellish crimes that mark'd that day's sad close !
The fight is o'er—th' unequal strife is done,
And now the Moslems deem the town their own.
In scatter'd groups the busy mob is seen,
In every nook where Christians erst had been.
And some along the streets on war-steeds fly,
With brandish'd sword and torch, bent to destroy,
“ Deen”* is their watchword, “ slay” is their reply.
They seek what Christians there may yet remain,
And strive each vestige of the British reign
To burn, efface, or annihilate,
And ev'n the churches blaze before their quenchless hate.
The city is in flames, each tenement
Where Christians dwelt or hours of social converse
 spent—
Their shop, their shrine, their temple and their hearth,
Are burning fast, and sinking to the earth,
Their cherish'd relics and their household gods,
Are scatter'd to the dust along the roads !

XV.

But hark ! what shrieks arise from yonder bower,
Where sweet Augusta shines the loveliest flower,

* The watchword of the Mahomedans during the mutiny was *deen*, which literally signifies religious faith or liberty of conscience.

A ruffian band is now within her gate,
While sword in hand the veteran Jacob sate ;
He rose, and three lay prostrate 'neath his steel,
At last he falls, o'ercome by dastard zeal.
And can they slay Augusta too ?—Ah no !
She wears a spell ev'n for th' unmanly foe ;
What villain slave—what monster heart of steel,
Could lay his hand on her, and yet not feel !
But ah ! 'twere better far if she had died,
The martyr Arthur's unpolluted bride !

XIV.

The weeping maiden, and for her sweet sake,
Her mother too are spar'd, but they must take
The pair away—the mother and the maid
Unto their leader's Harem are convey'd ;
But what the luckless damsel there befell,
The blushing Muse, alas ! forbears to tell,
And throws upon the rest her silken veil !
Enough—when three dull days had darkly sped,
Aided by British arms, the girl was led
Into the Fort,* that stronghold of defence,
Bereft—not of her charms, but innocence !

* After the battle, the mutineers left Agra on the following morning, but the mob continued to commit depredations till, on the third day, a small portion of the 3rd Europeans, the only Regiment then in the Fort, and a few Volunteers, with two pieces of cannon, marched out and inflicted heavy retribution by killing several of the evil doers, setting fire to their houses, pillaging their property, and taking many prisoners.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

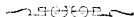
I.

LIFE'S morn, with all its lovely flowers,
With all its vernal sun and showers ;
Its wild and rap'trous dreams of joy,
Its aspirations young and high :
Hopes and visions nurst by youth,
The bosom's faith and early truth ;
The first wild thrill of love that stole
Upon the young and trusting soul ;
The first wild kiss that beauty gave,
When first we knelt as beauty's slave
Are distanc'd now, another year—
Another stage in life's career !

II.

The gath'ring glooms of life's sad close,
And failing health, with all its woes ;
Age, with stagg'ring steps and slow,
With palsied limbs and wrinkled brow ;

Fond beauty's smiles without the beam
Which breathes of young love's tender dream,
Life's winter, with its cloudy days,
(And the pale fire-sides cheerless blaze ;)
When woman's vow can soothe no more,
And love and hope shall both be o'er,
Are closer now another year—
Another stage in life's career !



STANZAS.

In every clime each flower that blows,
A freshness and a sweetness hath ;
But none can be sweet as those
That bloom'd along our childhood's path.

And there are bright and sunny skies,
O'er many a lovely spot on earth ;
But none so bright to memory's eyes,
As those above our infant hearth !

And there is music everywhere,
Where'er our truant steps may roam ;
But none so dear to memory's ear,
As the music of our early home !

And everywhere, in hall or wild,
Sweet is the smile that women wears ;
But ah ! how sweeter still *they* smiled— .
The loves that blest our boyhood's year !

VERSES

ON SEEING LITTLE CHILDREN AT PLAY.



Yes, ye smilers full of glee,
Fair blossoms of humanity,
Play, and laugh, and sing away,
For childhood is a holiday.
'Tis life's young May-morn, fresh and bright,
Radiant with pure and holy light,—
Lending a sunshine to the heart,
Which must, alas! too soon depart :
Nor shall future years bestow,
One ray of all its vanish'd glow—
Heaven itself may not restore,
Life's vernal morn, when once 'tis o'er!

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

I go, dear scenes of my childhood, I go,
With a tear for each friend and a smile for each foe:
Here's a health to the few that were faithful and true,
And ev'n to th' unkind here's a kindly adieu ;
A prayer for the bride of my first early love,
The maiden whose bosom no prayers could move !

I go, O ye haunts of my lost happy hours,—
Farewell ye green meadows and desolate bowers ;
No more shall ye ring with the light merry song,
Which hope used to breathe when my spirit was young,—
No more shall ye witness the peace and the strife,
The gleam and the gloom of my full-chequer'd life !

I go, but alas ! in my bosom I bear,
The memory of one to my spirit still dear ;
'And far tho' I roam from the land of my birth,
The home of my childhood, my haunts, and my hearth,
That memory shall live like a fire in my heart,
Till this nightmare of life to oblivion depart.

I go, yes I go, see how swift flies my bark—
Now the past seems a dream, and the future all dark :
Be it so—Ah ! how love, when betray'd, has the power,
To damp and to darken life's bright morning hour,
Till existence is chaos, its breath but a sigh,
And the soul longs to fly to its own native sky !

SONNET.

Blow, gentle Zephyr, blow!—the early flowers,—
Deckt with the dewy jewels morn hath flung,
And smiling like all other things when young,—
Have sweets for thee! Go, wander through their bowers,
And kiss those day-stars of the summer hours,
Which *she* and I have lov'd when Fancy sung,
To our enraptur'd ears, and young Hope clung
To us too fondly—when in starry showers,
Joys in abundance came! Go, revel there,
And gentle Zephyr, should you pass her by,—
Bearing their odours on your wings of air,—
Fan her soft cheek, and whisper you're a sigh:
And should she ask whose bloom such sorrow nips,
Then say, 'tis wafted from Lorenzo's lips!

SONG.

NAY, tell me not that thou dost love me ;
Cease, lady, cease that flatt'ring strain ;
By earth below and heaven above me,
I would not hear that vow again !

Yet once, when heart and hope were younger,
My spirit round such accents clung ;
But then, alas ! my faith was stronger,
In all that fell from woman's tongue.

Too early was that fond faith shaken,
Till Beauty's self destroy'd that faith ;
'Twas then the love thou canst not waken,
Sigh'd forth its last expiring breath !

Then tell me not that thou dost love me ;
Cease, lady, cease that flatt'ring strain ;
By earth below and heaven above me,
I would not hear that vow again !

STANZAS.

I FEEL the flame of love again,
Slow kindling thro' each weary vein—
I feel my heart oppressed with woe,
Revive beneath its hallow'd glow !
But hark ! methinks a voice I hear,
An angel voice, which says, " Beware—
On whomsoe'er thy love was set,
That love hath never prospered yet !"
Then shall I bind my heart in steel,
Forbear to love, forget to feel ?
This may not be. * * * * *

CHRISTMAS DAY:

WRITTEN IN A VILLAGE NEAR GHAAZEEPORE.

THEY tell me this is Christmas day, but what is that
to me,
To whom all seasons are alike, whose life's a shore-
less sea,—
A sea, where one long dreary Winter ever clouds the
sky,
Where smiling Spring, or laughing Summer never opes
her eye!

This is the day when happy friends with joyous smiles
shall meet,
And youths and maidens wrapt in love each other fondly
greet;
But I in dismal solitude am doom'd to mourn the
while,
Nor friendship here shall lend its ray, nor love its
witching smile!

Yet I will never murmur—let my Father's will be
done,
'Tis He alone who knows what's best—the Just and
Holy One.
Let others laugh to-day, and in the wine-cup drown
their cares,
One luxury is left me here—the luxury of tears!

SONNET.

UPON a bank o'erarch'd with stately trees,
Where blooming myrtles with the zephyrs play'd,
And Dryads wanton'd in the cooling shade,
And like the voice of love the rustling breeze
Breath'd thro' the fragrant bowers, where the bees
Borne on their quiv'ring wings of melody,
Like youth in life's bright morn, with wildsome glee
Languish'd upon the rose's dawning charm,
And where the birds with nature's minstrelsy
Gladden'd the solitude. Where memory
Might love to dwell on days when hope was warm,
There lone beneath a gloomy cypress tree,
Lorenzo sat and pour'd his music wild,—
He was a youthful poet and Affliction's child.

SONNET.

YES, she is gone—gone to the amaranth bowers,
Beyond the morning star—sweet peace to know,
That luckless child of frailty and of woe,
Whom once I knew in youth's bright sunny hours,
When joyous beat the heart—when thro' the flowers,
Life went a Maying—when the roseate glow,
Of calm content smil'd on her cheek and brow,—
Then she was beautiful : in silken showers
Her tresses fell, and her dark eye's bright ray
Spoke music to my soul—and then too well
We loved, but how that love was wrench'd away,
To other ears I may not, dare not tell—
It was but woman's frailty—'tis forgiven,
Tho' here I ceas'd to love, I'll love her yet in heaven.

SONNET.

AND adoration of the beautiful
Perpetual haunts the poet's ardent soul,—
That is his purest joy, for when the bowl,
The banquet and the dance all fail to cool
His spirit's burning fever, beauty cheers
His darken'd sight and lends a calm delight
Unto his tortur'd mind, then through his tears
He smiles again, once more his spirit's night
Brightens up into day, his eyes confess
The might of beauty, and he learns to adore
That minister of comfort in distress—
Beauty and Poesy have oft wept o'er
Each other's woe, for both from Eden came,
The same their offices—their lot on earth the same.

SONNET.

THE mother wept !—In sorrow's frantic mood
O'er the pale features of her child she bent,
And with loud piercing cries of wo she rent
The silent air of night ; around her stood,
Alone in that dark hour of solitude,
Three lovely-looking cherub forms, who lent
Their artless voices as 'twere to augment
The energy of grief's deep tone—the flood
Of doleful sound the hapless mother pour'd ;
But ah ! why did those little children weep,
While oft they said their brother was asleep ?
Was it to see the tears the mother shower'd ?
Ah yes, methinks those tears did seem to be,
Tears not of sorrow but of sympathy !

SONNET :

TO MY SISTER AT PARTING.—1852.

FAREWELL !—that grief-touch'd word how sadly falls
On friendship's ear, how sadder still it seems
When o'er the joyous maiden's first love-dreams
It sounds discordant and the heart appals,
As if a demon's knell within the halls
Of merriment, came on the startl'd ear
Of beauty, chasing all the hues and beams
From cheek and eye—but oh ! that dire word streams
How doubly sad when in deep tones sincere,
'Tis wafted from affection's hallow'd lips,
With many a broken sigh, with many a tear,
That breaks the heart and buds of fancy nips.
But oh ! dear Margaret, since it must be so,
Farewell ! farewell !—let blessings with thee go !

SONNET.

WHEN like a May-day morn, that glows awhile
In sunny freshness, and the fragrant bloom
Of buds and flowers, soon by the dark'ning gloom
Of sudden clouds o'ercast, or like the smile
On beauty's cheek soon swallow'd up in tears—
The Spring of life is darken'd by the woes
Which some are doom'd to feel—the cankering cares
That undermine the heart—when hope foregoes
His wanderings thro' airy bowers unknown,
And fancy's flattering visions pass away—
Even then might love, in soft bewitching tone,
Speak solace to the heart, and lend a ray
To cheer the soul—might whisper there be one,
Whose heart will beat or break in echo to our own !

STANZAS.

YES, I will sigh—but none shall hear
The stifled groan that breaks my heart,
I'll weep—but oh ! that silent tear,
No mortal eye shall see it start.

Within my bosom's darkest cell
I'll hide the pang I'm doom'd to bear,
And none shall pierce the guise, to tell
What mummy heart lies buried there.

Why should I to the world reveal
The sorrow that disdains relief ?—
The maddening wound that will not heal—
Grief that luxuriates in grief !

From pity's fount I ask no balm—
From mercy's self no sympathy—
No aid from priestly men—to calm
The spirit's ache and agony.

In ceaseless, cheerless solitude
The tott'ring knee may bend to Heaven,
And Frenzy in her wildest mood
Extort what n'er was freely given :

Extort before the Just, the Good,
The dire confession of my guilt,
That drew on me the fire and flood
From high, and all my heart-blood spilt.

But what that guilt, and what its end,
Let scrutiny in vain enquiry ;
Enough—no other ills can rend
This breast of steel—this soul of fire !



SONG.

DEAR girl, I'll weave a wreath for thee,
To bind thy sunny brow,
When 'neath the blooming myrtle tree
I listen to thy vow.

I'll weave a wreath when each sweet flower
Is budding into bloom ;
Not in the morning's crimson hour,
Not in the evening's gloom.

But when the moon is on her throne,
When midnight weeps sweet tears ;
When youthful lovers meet alone,
When all a magic wears.

I will not tear the garden's pride—
The red rose in its glee ;
Nor pluck the lily from its side,
To weave a wreath for thee.

But I will hie to some woodland grove,
Some wild flowers thence to bring ;
And thou, my own wild flower, wilt love
Those simple flowers of spring.

LOVE'S FIRST FEELING.

I SAW her but once in her joy and her bloom—
Like the angel of light she awhile did illumine
My dark drooping soul, but the vision, alas,
Like the flash of the lightning too soon did it pass !

We spoke not a word, but our glances did meet,
It was but for a moment, yet that moment was sweet ;
And ah ! when she smil'd, how angelic the smile,
A radiance was thrown o'er my spirit the while.

The banquet—the laughter—I heeded them not,
The future and past, ev'n my being, was forgot,
For beauty's spiritual, spiritualizing all
On whom her soft influence chances to fall.

But the joyance so pure was not destined to last,
She rose to depart, and one look on me cast ;
To others she breath'd soft adieus, to me none,
But that look is still treasured, tho' long years have flown.

Now, tho' the bright visions of youth have all fled,
And each feeling once cherish'd lies wither'd and dead
Like a gem in a bezil, in heart's deep core
Still her image I wear, tho' I've seen her ne'er more !

THE DREAM.

OH ! 'twas a sweet delicious dream,
But it was brief as it was bright ;
It cast awhile a dazzling beam,
Then vanished with the shades of night,

O ! let me dream that dream once more,
O ! bring that vision back again ;
It for a moment did restore
A fair green isle in life's dark main.

It made me taste for a little space
The joys of youth not doom'd to last ;
It brought before my raptur'd gaze
The dear, the lov'd one of the past,

Ah ! dear delusion, why so brief,
Why didst thou fade so soon away !
Come, lull again this heart of grief,
Come, lend once more thy magic ray.

NOOR JEHAN AND THE SYBIL.

ALONE in harem solitude,
Forsaken in her widowhood,
With heart and feelings desolate,
Young Mhur-ul-Nissa pensive sate.
She thought of a thousand lovely things,
O'er which the past an enchantment flings ;
She thought of childhood's sunny years,
And sunny hopes which childhood rears ;
Of artless girlhood's first love-dream,
Of smiles that erst were wont to beam
On faces she had loved before,
But vanish'd now to smile no more—
The memory of those smiles how dear,
Affection's pledges once they were !—
She thought too of the visions past,
Of joys that were not doom'd to last,
And aspirations young and high,
Too early left to fade and die ;
While injur'd pride rebellious rose
To think how Selim* mock'd her woes ;
To think that he who once had tried
His best to win her as his bride—
Who robb'd her of a husband's love,
Should now so cold, unfeeling prove ;

* The original name of Jehangire.

Should now disdain to hear her vow,
And scorn on her a glance to throw.
“Ah cruel despot?”—soft she sigh’d,
“To things of shame to well allied;
Was it for this my Askun’s life
Was wrench’d with such unequal strife?
Was it for this you sought me so,
To add but insult to my woe—
To treat me with such cold disdain,
And give my heart perpetual pain—
To keep me in this prison hall,
And make me wear a captive’s thrall,
And yet forbear one glance to give,
Which Harem captives oft receive?
Ah fickle prince!”—but while she spoke,
A form into th’ apartment broke;
An ugly form of female mould,
Whose red dim eyes mysterious roll’d;
Upon her head a hood she wore,
Her age, a hundred years or more,
The sybil of the harem she,
The hag of fate and mystery—
Bending beneath the weight of years,
And mutt’ring words she alone hears,
The crone approach’d where the widow sate,
And thus declar’d her future fate—
“Born wert thou in a desert lone,
To die upon a golden throne,

She who was as a babe embraced
 By a foul serpent and caress'd,
 As a woman in her loveliness,
 A mighty monarch's arm shall bless :
 The infant that first saw the light
 'Mid famine, and despair, and blight,
 In age shall bid the world good night
 'Mid plenty, greatness, and renown,
 While mightiest crowns her genius own.
 The star so puny at thy birth,
 Ere thou shalt leave this beauteous earth,
 Shall yet expand into a sun ;
 And when thy day of glory's done,
 Thy name shall live to a future age,
 Recorded in the poet's page."

Note.—It will be remembered by those acquainted with the History of India, that the original name of Noor Jehan, the empress of Jehangire, was Mhur-ul-Nissa. The emperor honored her with the title of Noor Jehan, which signifies the "light of the world." This celebrated woman, who was the most beautiful of the age in India, was born in a desert, through which her parents were travelling on their way from Tartary to Hindoostan. They are said to have prosecuted their journey under the greatest imaginable hardships, to which the mother at length fell a victim. It is related that after her death, while her babe was lying helpless in the desert, a venomous snake coiled itself round the little creature, the future empress of Hindoostan, without injuring her. The father's object in becoming a voluntary exile from his native country, Tartary, and coming to the Court of Agra, was to recover his fallen fortunes. He was a man of great learning and ability, and after his arrival at the Court, he gradually rose to be the prime minister. Mhur-ul-Nissa was educated in all the branches of learning suited to her sex, and was first married to Sheer Askun, a man of extraordinary valor and wonderful strength, who was however murdered by the order of Jehangire.

LINES.

YE maidens, 'tis a happy thing,
When youthful bards your praises sing,
To listen to their rapt'rous lay,
And melt in tenderness away :
Spurn not the poets when they ask
Approving smiles for their foud task,
But let your favors freely flow,
On them your sweetest gifts bestow,
For beauty's smiles are their birth-right,
On earth their all, their sole delight.
Bereft of friends, and pomp, and power,
And gifts which fortune loves to shower
On earth's gay children, and too proud
To mingle with that giltt'ring crowd,
These dwellers of the land of dreams,
But for your vivifying beams,
Would never flourish here below,
In this dark world of sin and woe.
Youth and Song are Eden's flowers,
And Beauty, sprung from Eden's bowers
Is flower-like, and 'tis but meet
That they should dwell in union sweet.
Bright exotics on earth they are,
Their natal land, alas ! is far,
Far, far beyond the morning star :
Then let them dwell in union here,
For florists in the gay parterre,
Keep side by side those foreign flowers,
'That grew akin in their native bowers.

SONG FROM THE PERSIAN OF JAMI.

(FREELY TRANSLATED.)

How unlike me the soul-less boy,
Who sees my Leila, meek and pure ;
Who meets the glances of her eye,
Yet keeps his heart 'gainst love secure.

How unlike me the soul-less boy,
Who on her angel face can gaze,
Where thousand loves in ambush lie—
And yet not wish to kiss that face.

How unlike me the soul-less boy,
Who hears her voice so deep and sweet,
That soars in song to pierce the sky—
And yet whose heart forgets to beat.

But how like me the am'rous boy,
Who for that lovely maiden sighs ;
Who'd for her forfeit Eden's joy,
Yet hides the flame by which he dies !

LINES TO ELIZA.



THOU'LT think of me in after years,—
Deceiver thou shalt think ;
When every flower that young hope rears
Shall into darkness sink !
When time hath stole all it can steal,
Then shalt thou think of me ;
And thinking, feel—most keenly feel,
What I now feel for thee !

I'll curse thee not—but memory !—
Canst thou resist its power ?
Like darkest hell 'twill come o'er thee,
To scare thy midnight hour :
Its sulph'rous breathings thro' thy heart
A dreadful storm shall send ;
And dire remorse with vengeful dart
Thy very soul shall rend.

THE POET'S MISTRESS.

—
WHO should be the poet's mistress,
To share with him his wreath of glory?
Who, to cheer his heaven-lit spirit,
And live with him in deathless story?

Who should be the poet's idol,
To claim his fond heart's deep devotion?
Who, to win his pure soul's homage,
And raise within love's sweet emotion?

Not the fragile child of beauty,
Whose glossy form is her only dower;
Not that butterfly of summer,
Ah! not that fleeting spring-day flower.

Bring him not such nature's wax-works,
Without soul or sense or feeling;
They can ne'er deserve th' affection,
His deathless lute would be revealing.

Bring him then a nobler being—
A heart to throb when his is throbbing;
One thro' shine and storm to love him,
With love as tender as absorbing.

Bring him one whose soul will prize him,
Disdaining all earth's pomp and pleasure:
Deeming it her highest glory,
To be a poet's matchless treasure.

A WISH.

I DO not sigh for wealth or fame, for title, pomp or
power ;

I would not move thro' courtly halls the pageant of
an hour ;

I would not have a hundred slaves all crouching at
my feet,

Nor thousand sycophants eager my slightest wish to
meet.

I would not smile with high-born dames—the volatile,
the gay,

Whose careless souls but seldom own affection's magic
sway.

But give me, Fates, a little cottage by some green wood's
side,

Where by the heartless world forgot, my peaceful life
may glide.

And let some warm-soul'd loving nymph there dwell with
me alone—

Whose heart may know to feel, and beat in echo to
my own—

To soothe each inward grief, and wipe each tear drop
from mine eye,

To smile with me whene'er I smile, and sigh when'er
I sigh.

THE SPIRIT'S LOVE.

SHE comes to me when morning's rays
Gilds yon temple's height,
And stands before my raptur'd gaze,
The rival of that light.

She comes to me at noon-tide hour,
Beside the silver pool,
And meets me in the sylvan bower,
My burning brow to cool.

She comes to me when nature wears
The shroud that evening lends,
And bids me think of other years,
When she and I were friends.

She comes to me in dreams of night,
When sleep my eyelid closes ;
She bends o'er me in calm delight,
And on my breast reposes.

She comes to me when grief and woe
Oppress this lonely heart,
And hovers round my troubled brow,
A balsam to impart.

She comes to me when faithless friends
Like summer birds depart ;
And then midst solitude she lends
A cordial for the heart.

For she is constant to the vow,
That she would ne'er forget ;
And tho' she reigns in heaven now,
Her spirit loves me yet !



THE SUMMER FLOWERS.

THE summer flowers, the summer flowers,
Oh ! bring them all to me ;
Go, cull them from the fairest bowers,
And bring them all to me ;
And I will twine a fragrant wreath,
To deck young beauty's brow ;
And with the balm of beauty's breath
I will that wreath endow !

The summer flowers, the summer flowers,
Oh ! bring them all to me ;
When they are wash'd by gentle showers,
Then bring them all to me ;
And each shall be an emblem dear,
Of hope, or love, or grief ;
And with the drops of passion's tear,
I'll gem each silken leaf !

ALL IS VANITY.

“Vanity of Vanities ; saith the Preacher,
Vanity of Vanities ; all is vanity.”

EccLES. Chap. I. Ver. 2.

I.

YES, all is vanity—ev’n love
And friendship’s ardent flame ;
Ev’n beauty that in heart’s fond prime,
A tender sigh doth claim ;
For love is but a meteor’s blaze,
And friendship, bubble’s breath ;
And beauty with its fickle charms,
Betrays the bosom’s faith.

II.

Yes, all is vanity—ev’n gifts
Which Fortune doth bestow ;—
Ev’n rank and honor, praise and fame,
To which the young hearts bow :
For what is wealth that makes us proud
A moment—and ’tis fled !
And what is honour, rank, or fame—
The shadow of a shade.

III.

Yes, all is vanity—ev'n hope,
The morning star of life ;
Ev'n mirth and pleasure's magic arts,
That soothe the passion's strife :—
The star of hope like Iris bright,
Glows but to fade again ;
And syren pleasure, soft and sweet,
Soon sickens into pain.

VI.

But oh ! to do a righteous deed,
It is not vanity ;
In Heav'n's own book recorded stands
The work of charity ;
And Oh ! to love my Maker still,
It is not vanity ;
That love shall e'er recorded last
Throughout eternity !



SONNET TO SLEEP.

COME, gentle sleep, and on my eyelids play,
And bind with poppy wreaths my ruffled brow ;
Come, on my couch thy soft enchantments lay,
And make me for a while forget my woe !
But ah ! thou wilt not hear my summons now,
O maid unkind !—thou wilt not seal my eye
With leaden wand, nor hear my ardent vow ;
Tho' erst alas ! thou never didst deny,
When full of hope I sought my midnight bed—
To lull me into soft and balmy rest—
To shed thy fragrant juices o'er my head,
And stay the thrillings of my joyous breast :
For then, oh ! faithless nymph, no grief was there,
To moist these youthful eyes with burning tear.

THE FORSAKEN.

THE flowing waves, the ocean tides,
Are changeful both at ev'n and morn ;
Like sunshine and its following shade,
Upon the dew-wet yellow corn—
The stream sings softly thro' the woods,
Where once it like a torrent ran ;
But all is steadfastness itself,
When liken'd to the heart of man.

I sought my love when in my teens—
A thoughtless maiden, I was gay—
I trusted as a woman trusts,
And made his love my bosom's stay.
And when to gather gold, he went
To some far land beyond the main,
I long'd at ev'n, I long'd at morn,
To see my lover back again.

I ne'er went near the youngsters gay,
But when the light of day grew dim,
I sought the peaceful, fragrant bower,
Where quietness dwelt, to think on him.

Years came and went, but home to me
He hied not, as he should have done ;
But oh ! I ne'er mistrusted him—
His name I cherish'd late and soon.

My father and my mother both
Heard the last mandate of the Lord ;
And I was left alone, alone—
A mourning and a mateless bird.
He came at length, and oh ! my heart
Was glad as heart can ever be !
He came with all his treasur'd love,
He came to give it all to me !

I heard his foot on my door-stone—
He stood upon my lonely floor ;
I gazed upon the manly form
That did my maiden heart allure ;
But bitter thoughts came in my breast,
For pride was dancing in his eye,
Where love should have been smiling sweet,
To dry each tear, to stay each sigh.

I saw his glance of mingled scorn
Upon his once-lov'd bride that came ;
And oh ! I thought my heart would break,
While loud I murmur'd forth his name.

He gaz'd upon my alter'd form,
I knew what in his eye did gleam !—
He thought not of his cruelty,
The change was wrought by loving him.

* * * * *

He coldly spoke of youthful days,
And of his plighted faith spoke he ;
And then I scorn'd the world's proud slave,
And proudly told him he was free.

* * * * *



STANZAS:

TO ROSA.

I.

THEY tell me, love, thou'rt not so fair as when we met
at first,
When health was young, and life beat high, and hope
was fondly nurst,
When-like the amorous nightingale I sang my hours
away,
And thou like queen of beauty's bower didst listen to
my lay.

II.

They tell me, love, with envious smile, thy cheeks of
beauteous hue,
No more can shame the blushing rose as erst they used
to do ;
Nor do thine eye—those orbs divine,—their wonted lustre
show,
Nor doth that face where music beam'd ,with pristine
beauty glow.

III.

And that thy glossy tresses dark that wav'd in joyous
pride,
Against thy snowy temples where young Cupids lov'd
to hide,

Have lost their gloss and magic too, and that thy nectar'd
lips
Rival no more the silken buds which fain the wild bee
sips.

IV.

But these—what do they matter all?—thy heart may still
be warm—
My plighted vows can ne'er depart with beauty's fleet-
ing charm ;
True constancy can never die—there is a magic wand,
That links the feeling heart to heart, and joins the hand
to hand.

V.

The nightingale doth ne'er forsake the rose, his own lov'd
flower,
Tho' withering fast it shines no more the beauty of the
bower,
And I like him will faithful prove, and still shall sing to
thee,
Tho' charms decay thou still art ROSE—thy nightingale
I'll be,

YEARS OF CHILDHOOD.

SWEET years of childhood, where, Oh where !

My early days, Oh ! where are ye ;
Shall I no more your blessings share,
That cheer'd my helpless infancy ?
O infant days, O days of bliss,
Shall ye, alas ! return no more,
From Eternity's dark abyss—
The direful depth without a shore.

Sweet years of childhood, where, Oh where !

When in the bowers of innocence,
The morning hymn, the vesper prayer
Was breath'd with infant eloquence.
When I to care and strife unknown,
Was cheerful as the summer's day ;
And singing soft in silvery tone,
I spent the live-long hours away.

Sweet years of childhood, where, Oh where !

When sinless joys were mine to know,
When envy, malice and despair,
Ne'er rung this heart with conscious woe ;

When yet my soul was pure as snow,
Or dew-drops which the wild bees sip ;
Or like the blush on morning's brow,
Ere it is kiss'd by Phœbus' lip.

Sweet years of childhood, where, Oh where !
When I love's ruthless dart defied ;
When all unknown to Cupid's care,
A mother's kiss was all my pride.
When in the mazes of the dance,
I gazed secure on woman's brow :
For then to me fond woman's glance
Was but as weak as woman's vow.

Sweet years of childhood, where, Oh where !
When hope of fame and good men's praise
Ne'er sway'd me with a trembling fear,
In wandering thro' bright learning's maze :
When stern ambition ne'er was mine,
Save but to win a parent's love ;
When I would fain a crown resign,
For one sweet smile my mother wove.

Sweet years of childhood, where, Oh where !
When there was charm in every flower ;
When all to me was fresh and fair,
Each hill and stream, each dale and bower.

When Cynthia looked more meek and bright,
Beneath whose beams I lov'd to play ;
When Phœbus gave a milder light,
While I beneath the banyans lay.

Sweet years of childhood, where, Oh where !
When I an angel's graces wore ;
When nought but loveliness was there,
To win me pure affection's store :
When like the dimples of the morn,
That break upon the crystal stream ;
Upon the wings of gladness borne,
My smiles possess'd as soft a gleam.

Sweet years of childhood, where, Oh where !
In what bright regions are ye now ?
Oh ! vain delusions once so fair,
Why leave me to this time of wo ?
Oh ! sweetest days forever gone—
Gone to the sea without a shore ;
In vain I weep, in vain I mourn,
Ye will, alas ! return no more.



A GREAT MAN.

I SAW a wanderer on the road,
Upon the cold bare stones he lay ;
Footsore and weary he had grown,
With none to help him on his way.

And then I saw a silken lord,
In golden charriot pass him by ;
He eyed the stranger with disdain,
For pride was dancing in his eye.

And then another came that way,
A poorer but a nobler form :
His fair face beam'd with kindliness,
His bright eye show'd his heart was warm.

No coach or horse he had to boast,
No silken or embroider'd suit ;
But then he had a manly heart,
And a good name, fair virtue's fruit.

He sat beside that wanderer lone,
And spoke full many a kindly word,
The truth then burst upon my heart—
This man was greater than that lord.

POETIC HAUNTS.

FAR away from haunts of men,
Far beyond all mortal ken :
Where the billows dash and foam,
Where the storm-fiend loves to roam,
Where the black clouds frown on high,
Where the wild winds wander by,
Where the mountains in their pride
Laugh above the angry tide ;
Where the lightning flashes bright
Through the dim and darksome night ;
Where the thunder loudly roars,
Where the sea-god wildly pours
Sounds that none might love to hear,
But the child to Muses dear,—
There, seated on some grey rock's height,
May the bard with wild delight,
On great nature's wonders gaze,
Breathing still his Maker's praise.

Or, when Cynthia reigns above,
Like the gentle queen of love ;
When the stars are glimmering bright
On the sable brow of night ;

When the plaintive lay is heard,
Which the tuneful minstrel bird
Pours unto his own-loved flower,
From some far neglected bower ;
When the wild dove seeks his nest,
Woos his mate and sinks to rest ;
When the lily and the rose
To the breeze their sweets disclose ;
When the flowerets' mild perfume
 Floats o'er zephyr's viewless wings ;
When each woodland 'in its bloom
 With a hallow'd music rings :
When the elves and elfins stray
Where the mellow moonbeams play,
Let him seek some peaceful grove,
Where the fairies love to rove ;
Let him there in ecstasy
Weave his wreaths of poesy,
Listening to the waterfall,
Gazing on some castle wall ;
There no human footsteps rude
Shall disturb his solitude !

S O N N E T.

LADY, no gold have I to offer thee !
No gem to decorate thy beauteous brow—
Such precious gifts, alas ! I can't bestow—
Such precious gifts were never meant for me,
Poor, luckless child of wayward destiny,
Who moves a lonely stranger here below,
And owns no share of the bright things that grow
On earth with earth's proud sharers.—Poverty
Is my sad heritage ; nor do I pine
For wealth, for rank, for splendour or for fame ;
Yet, lady, there's a thing which still is mine,
Which I can give, and that thou'lt not disclaim—
It is a feeling heart that sighs for one
Of kindred mould, to throb in unison.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SISTER.

AWAKE my muse, in doleful numbers breathe
The sorrows of this aching heart ;
Awake, to all the world impart,
This grief that mocks control ;
The agonising horrors of my soul,
While thus, this lone embowering shade beneath ;—
Remote from every human eye,
Listening to memory hov'ring nigh,
I gaze upon the spot where her dear relics lie !

My gentle sister, where art thou ?
Where has thy tender spirit fled ?
Those pensive eyes, that tranquil brow,
Those sweet retiring charms that shed
Such hallow'd radiance round thy form,
Where are they vanish'd now !
Thro' shine or shade, thro' calm or storm,
Thou wast the only friend,
That did alike extend
'Mid all the varied scenes of life,
Unchang'd by anger, care or strife,

Affection's ceaseless smile,
My darkest moments to beguile,
To soothe my every care, to cheer my every toil.

And now that thou are gone,
Where shall I consolation find ?
Where cool the fever of my mind ?—

With thee, my Margaret, every hope hath flown !
Thou wast my only sister dear,
On earth I had no more ;
Our mother only bore
One luckless son, one daughter fair—
Thyself and he, the wretched one
Who doth thy death deplore ;
And will deplore till memory's sun
Shall cease to shine and memory's self shall die,
And my lone yearning soul swift to thy presence fly.

Dear sainted spirit, if the prayer
Of virtue loosen'd from the thralls of clay,
And usher'd into realms of endless day,
Avail on high, be it thy care,—
In pity for thy brother's tender grief,
Which ne'er again on earth can find relief—
To plead before the Eternal's throne,
At morn, at eve, at silent noon,
That He in mercy may be mov'd
To hasten fast the hour,
When I, resigning all I lov'd,

Shall also wing my happy flight
To regions of eternal light,
Where gloom doth never lower
Of sorrow or of night,
And there with ecstasy behold again
The lost, the cherish'd one whom now I seek in vain !

Yes, all in vain I seek her here,
For still I miss her everywhere :
I miss her in the old familiar hall
Where matron-like she used to smile,
Where many a harmless feast and festival
Her guileless moments did beguile,
Her tender husband seated by her side,
Her cheerful children playing nigh,
Lovely as cherubs from the sky,
Their mother's cherish'd joy, their father's pride.—
I miss her in our mother's room
Which oft her presence did illumine,
And there 'tis double grief to me
To watch our aged parent's tear,
As she recalls to memory
Each virtue of her daughter dear.
I miss her in the well-known pew
At Church, on every Sabbath morn.
Tho' there her children still I view,
Poor luckless ones, too early torn
From best of mothers, best of friends—
May heaven in mercy make amends.

I miss her in the sunny glade,
Where we in youth together stray'd,
I miss her in the silent bowers
Where oft in childhood we have played,
Gath'ring summer's fairest flowers ;
Or weaving dreams of future bliss,
Yet dreaming not 'twould come to this,
Nor did I, hope's deluded victim, deem,
My life itself would be a gloom without a gleam.

Full oft, dear sister, was I wont to think,
Ere youth had fled or hope betray'd,
While seated on some streamlet's grassy brink,
Or calm reclining 'neath some shade,
By plam or spreading mangoe made,
Watching the summer sun go down the sky,
Or Cynthia climb her azure throne on high,
What stores of treasur'd riches would be mine,
How in the rolls of fame my name would shine !
And while such thoughts inflam'd my breast,
My sister's claims were ne'er forget,
Success I deem'd would lose its zest
If she shar'd not my happy lot.
'Thus buoyed with hope thro' many a clime,
Thro' hamlets, towns and cities fair,
I've wand'ring spent my life's gay prime,
And wasted years away,
But still the visions I did chase,
Receding mock'd my wild embrace,

Till last they mingled in the air,
And hope withdrew her ray,
Which had illum'd my path thro' many a luckless day.
Back to my native haunts I came,
 Weary in heart and worn with pain ;
But still my sister was the same,
 Tho' many knew me not again !
And I remember well the day
 When to her fond embrace I flew ;
When tears of joy like pearly dew,
 Roll'd down our cheeks—but oh ! away—
 All, all is over now, and memory
All frantic grows at my sad destiny.



SONNET:

WRITTEN ON A STORMY NIGHT IN ALLAHABAD.

EXTENDED darkness spreads her sable veil,
And the hush'd world lies sunk in calm repose,
Save where, responsive to the sighing gale,
The weary heart recalls its treasur'd woes !
Save where, to melancholy thought resign'd,
The mourner listens to the howling blast,
And memory, waking in the wounded mind,
Recalls each trace of days for ever past.
Ah, painful contrast to this dreamy hour,
When thus I wake to darkness and to pain ;
How sad to listen to the frequent shower
And think of those we ne'er shall see again !
Come, gentle sleep, thou only canst restore
The image of those days which shall return no more !

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF LESBIAS' SPARROW.

(Translated from Catullus.)

WEEP, Cyprean goddess !—Weep, thou boy-god, too !
Lament, ye that are lovely, ye that love !
My darling's Sparrow's dead—whom she so true,
So fondly lov'd, her own bright eyes above !

A gentle bird he was, and well he knew
His mistress fair, for whom alone he sung ;
No timid girl clings to her mother so,
As he to dearest Lesbia's bosom clung.

He left her never, only here and there
He'd hop about in playful, jocund glee ;
Then sweetly, for my Lesbia's gentle ear
Alone, he'd tune his pipe of melody.

But now, poor simpleton ! alone he goes
Along that gloomy vale whence none return ;
My malison be on thee, Orcus, whose
Stern bosom ne'er with pity's flame did burn !

Thy insate jaws earth's fairest still devour—
And now you've carried off so sweet a pet !—
Oh, luckless little wretch !—Oh, spiteful power,
For you my darling's eyes with tears are wet !

SONNETS.

THE poet's lot !—Ah ! glorious tho' they deem
The radiant wreath that binds his manly brow,
Yet little do they ken what sense of woe
Lurks 'neath its gaudy shade, nor do they dream
The child of song is not what he doth seem—
A careless warbler flush'd with joy's pure glow,
A gleesome thing, sent to this world below
Only to sing, and bask 'neath beauty's beam—
Alas ! his lot is otherwise. Too high
To stoop, and far too proud to fawn or cringe,
Rank, wealth and power, earth's pomp and pageantry
Are his rich forfeit, nor doth that unhinge
His spirit—but what most disturbs his mood,
His deeds and feeling are so little understood !

The poet's lot !—how glorious must it be,
To wear the garland wove by beauty's fingers,
And be the deity which beauty lingers
To gaze upon !—to wake the melody
That rings from pole to pole in ecstasy,
And bid a thousand hearts with rapture glow !
O bliss supreme !—away, it is not so ;
His is a proud but bitter destiny,
Those triumphs envy not—they've cost him dear—
Dark days of toil and sleepless nights of woe,
The knave's contumely and the blockhead's jeer,
Cold want and chill neglect are his to know :
To mingle with the heartless and the rude—
To smile in public, weep in solitude !

ODE TO DEATH.

COME Death, thy friendly balm impart,
And give my soul relief ;
Come chill my brow, come strike my heart,
And end my earthly grief !
From pleasure's mazy path I turn,
Thy aid alone I crave ;
At thy approach I would not mourn,—
Stern monarch of the grave !

The child of fortune may betray
A trembling fear to die ;
And sons of pleasure, blithe and gay,
At thy approach may sigh ;
But I, misfortune's hapless prey,
Full well thy frowns might brave ;
Beneath thy rod I'd pine away,—
Stern monarch of the grave !

Ah ! tho' there's youth upon my brow,
Life doth a burden seem ;
My days are days of countless woe,
Without a transient gleam :

Such life, alas ! I cannot bear,—
Thine ebon wand then wave,
And seal my eyes, and drown my care,
Stern monarch of the grave !

And then, in one unbroken chain
Of ever-soothing sleep,
Amidst unnumber'd ills and stains,
No more, no more I'll weep :
Then come, O come, thou man's last lot,
My troubled spirit save ;
I fear thee not—I fear thee not,—
Stern monarch of the grave !



STANZAS.

To flatter but a monarch's pride,
And seek some sordid boon ;
To rapt'rous notes of music wild,
His harp did Maro tune.

The Mantuan bard could never deem
How abject was the task ;
How far below a poet's theme,
For earthly gifts to ask.

But I would never barter song,
Tho' I had known to sing ;
For all that can to power belong,
Or all that wealth can bring.

But oh ! my humbler lute would run—
Like sweet Anacreon's lyre,
Or like the harp that Sappho tuned,
To love and soft desire.

And then my gentle Rosaline
Would be my choicest theme ;
And if with olives she would twine,
(Oh ! ecstasy of dream !)
My throbbing temples for the task,
No higher guerdon should I ask.

ODE ON GOOD FRIDAY.

I.

AWAY, ye fabled Nine of Hellicon !
Away, avaunt, Parnassian nymphs, begone,
I dare not ask your aid to-day !
But thou that didst on Salem's hill inspire,
The bard prophetic with celestial fire,
Come in thy bright, divine array !—
Come, on my tongue thy music pour,
And teach, Oh ! teach me to adore
The God with notes that swell the seraph's death-
less lyre.

II.

Come, come, proclaim inimitable love,
That from the ethereal realms of bliss above
Hath brought to earth th' eternal ONE ;
Not throned with scepter'd dignity of kings—
Not in th' amazing pomp of heavenly things,
In blaze seraphic comes the SON ;
But even as a human child,
Lowly and gentle, meek and mild,
The HEIR of Paradise to man redemption brings.

III.

Hark ! hark ! ah why Solyma's daughters weep !
A voice is heard from dark Calvary's steep,
Which the light echo doth prolong ;
The voice proclaims, " let him be crucified,"—
His hands and feet they nail—the purple tide
Quick gushes, yet the ruthless throng,
The murderers of Jehovah's Son,
With joy satanic gaze upon
Their victim, and the God with fiend-like mirth
deride !

IV.

But list, ye Jews, the dying Saviour's prayer,
You, murderers, still are objects of his care,
Tho' on the bloody cross he bleeds ;
Hark, hark ! he cries in his last pangs of woe,
" Forgive them for they know not what they do ;"
Thus, thus the Prince of mercy pleads,
Thus mildly in his dying hour
To the supreme eternal Power,
The Co-eternal in compassion prays for you !

V.

Oh ! love divine ! mysterious, boundless love !
What angel from the starry realms above,
Shall e'er that won'drous love explain !
It is too great for holy cherub's tongue,
Too high for winged seraph's deathless song,
And higher still for mortal strain—

The love that bade the Prince of Life
Bow down to death and yield to strife,
And dying, bade him plead for Satan's ruthless
throng.

VI.

Lo ! it is done, the last sad pang is felt,
And in a mortal frame the God that dwelt,
Hath triumph'd now and conquer'd death !
In Jesus' blood is heaven's freedom seal'd,
Tyranic chains and fetters, Satan yield,
And the Eternal's feet beneath,
Owning the reign of heaven's HEIR,
Go, impious one, go and despair—
Thy power now is o'er, Christ shall the sceptre
wield.



THE HINDOO WIDOW.

MARK her—that child of ignorance—
A seraph's glory's round her beaming;
Oh ! mark that face where innocence
And beauty's charms are fondly gleaming.

There's music in her dark eye's glance—
There's youth upon her placid brow ;
And like a peri in her trance,
In gloomy sadness bloometh now.

But ah ! the lustre of her eye—
Its magic spell shall soon decay ;
And she must only weep and sigh,
'Neath superstition's iron sway.

The glit'ring tali* from her arm,
Shall soon be ruthless torn away ;
And every trinket that could charm,
Leave her to shine without its ray.

A tear-drop from her eye shall flow,
But none shall wipe that tearful eye—
A vacuum in her heart she'll know,
Which she alas ! dare not supply.

* A nuptial bracelet.

To her, home is no magic word,
To her, love is no blissful theme ;
But like a mateless, widow'd bird,
Of the past she must only dream.

That element of woman's life,
That one great chapter of her heart,
Even love, she must forget, or strive
To stem and stifle passion's smart.

Her earthly joys are over now,
Tho' blooming into womanhood ;
The brand of shame is on her brow—
Poor outcast of the human brood.

The Hindoo youths with beauteous forms,
Henceforth will heedless pass her by ;
Nor deign one glance upon the charms,
That might attract an angel's eye.



SONG.

THERE the evening shades are falling,
O'er the distant landscape grey ;
LIKE despair the heart entralling,
When young hope hath fled away.

BUT bright morning's crimson flushes,
Soon again shall deck yon vale,
LIKE the light of love's first blushes,
On the cheek where grief did dwell.

HAS the heart no second morning,
Has not life another spring ?
DOES not youth with smiles returning,
Make the soul in gladness sing ?

SONNET.

SWEET is the rustle of the May-day breeze,
That from the perfum'd bowers bears away
The flowrets' treasur'd balm, and loves to play
Amorous with the blooming sandal trees—
And sweet the humming of the gleeesome bees,
In genial hours of spring, when Flora gay
O'er Nature holds her bright resplendant sway—
And sweet the murmurs of the stream that please
The gentle swain—Sweet to the youthful ear
The voice of fame that claims extatic tear—
And sweet the magic notes of love that thrill
The youthful heart and kindle passion's blaze ;
But to the Christian's soul, Oh ! sweeter still,
The voice that rises to his Maker's praise !

STANZAS.

I.

THE flowers that deckt our early home.
And smil'd around our chidhood's hearth,
Ere exil'd, we were bid to roam
Far from the land that gave us birth :—
Those early flowers—ah ! where are they !
Still blooming as they bloom'd of yore ?
Do they, 'neath hope's delicious ray,
Smile on as they have smil'd before ?

II.

Alas ! we look for them in vain,
Along our boyhood's broken bowers ;
Their charms nor odours now remain,
To cheer our lonesome, weary hours :
Some have been borne to distant lands,
To deck perchance the strangers' bed ;
Some torn away by cruel hands,
And some lie drooping—many dead !

SONG.

O ! WHY, fair Rosa, should thy voice
More than the power of music charm ?
Why does the lightning of thine eyes
With heavenly fire my bosom warm ?

Or why, when frowns o'ercloud thy face,
As storms obscure a brilliant sky,
Why should they rob me of my peace,
And blight my every hope of joy ?

Or why, when smiles around thee play,
And Cupid from each dimple flies,
Why does my heart dissolve away,
And rapture dim my beaming eyes ?

BEAUTY'S CAREER.

A FRAGMENT.

I SAW her in life's opening, radiant dawn,
Playing along the flower-covered vale,
A fair-hair'd, graceful child. A starry crown
Of simple blossoms gather'd from the wilds,
Adorn'd her tiny brow, and in her hand
A wreath of summer's sweetest buds she bore.
She seem'd too fond of flowers, and she herself
Was flower-like, soft, sweet, and beautiful !
Her lips were wreath'd in smiles of innocence,
And in her cheek the lily and the rose
Blended in softest harmony ; her eye
Was lit with nature's young and senseless joy,
Which fill'd the fond beholder with delight,
Bringing bright memories of vanish'd days ;
And there was something in her very tread
Which told of childhood's glee and harmless mirth,
The giddy insect with its purple wing,
Making soft airy music, which she chased
From shrub to shrub, appear'd not half so gay,
So wild, so rapt in its own dreams of joy,
As that fair blue-ey'd girl. At times some notes
Of artless music she essay'd ; anon
She burst in laughter's wildest mood, her voice
In loud and silvery cadence mingling with
The wild bird's matin songs which cheer'd the vale,

And soft resounded thro' the neighbouring woods.
Ah, who—what heart might not have lov'd that child !

Again I saw her, but the scene was changed !
There was a merry festival where youth
And beauty love to congregate in joy
And harmless mirth, where smiling faces meet,
And light forms glide along the mazy dance,
And dark eyes sparkle daggers to the soul,
Where words of love in accents softly wild,
Are breath'd into young beauty's listening ear,
Raising within her fond, untutor'd heart
The first wild dream of passion ! There amid
Full many a lovely form of dazzling grace
She sate, but oh ! her charms outvied them all.
Long years had pass'd away since the glad morn
Of our first meeting, and she was no more
That tiny infant smiling thro' the flowers,
And bounding heedless in the woodland shade,
She still wore smiles, but of a different hue,
The spell had changed—the magic and the charm
That now breath'd thro' her smiles were not the same
As those of yore, but of a stronger cast ;
And in the dimples of her roseate cheek,
Where artless, playful Graces once had dwelt,
Now ambush'd Cupids made their downy nest.
Her eye too beam'd with radiance not the same—
The glance that erst was pleasing as a seraph's,
But weak as woman's vow, was now enough

To kindle flames of love and fierce desire
In coldest, deadliest hearts, and to extort
From proud and stern misogyny itself
Th' unwilling homage of a sidelong glance.

Again I met her, but the scene was changed !
She sat within a lonely bower which seem'd
As sighing farewell to the setting sun,
And in its very sorrow breathing balm.
Flowers smil'd around, as erst in infancy,
But these she heeded not, they were no more
Bright coronets to her as they had been
Ere yet no shadow clouded on her path.
Now there were marks of thought upon her brow,
And trace of feeling's workings on her cheek,
But oh ! she seem'd still lovelier than before ;
For now her charms had ripen'd into bloom,
And thoughts too pure had smooth'd them into order.
Her years were few—she scarcely had emerg'd
From girlhood's halo into womanhood,
But she in sooth had far outgrown her years
In matur'd beauty and in talents rare.
Now twilight shades were gathering round the scene,
And birds were hastening to their distant nests,
Or perch'd upon the leafy boughs sang forth
Their evening hymns, making the woodlands ring
With nature's wild and artless melody.
But she seem'd rapt in some enchanting dream
Which thought, and hope, and fancy's magic wand

Together raise within the young pure heart ;
And heeded not the gathering gloom around.
But what might be that dream—oh ! what that thought ?
Could not those bright eloquent eyes express
The secret visions of her pensive soul ?
Might we not read them in her tranquil cheek
All that her musical voice could tell in words ?
What was her thought ? Oh ! was she watching there
Alone, the path of some dear absent one,
Eager to welcome him from heat of strife
Or ocean's stormy wave ! If it be so,
How blest is he—Oh ! how supremely blest—
The treasur'd idol of her memory !



FELLOW TRAVELLERS.

YE brother trav'lers thro' this life,
Come on, come merrily along ;
We'll all be friends—we'll have no strife—
And guile the road with many a song.

We need not look so wo-begone,
Nor weep and sigh along the way,
With cheerful spirits let us on,
Tho' hard and toilsome be the day.

We'll laugh and sing, and hopeful think
Of the blest land where we are going ;
Should sorrows come, we must not sink,
No adverse blast can long be blowing.

And should, perchance, upon the road,
Some poor Samaritan be found
With dire affliction's heavy load,
We'll stay awhile to bind his wound.

And when some festive house is seen,
Crowded with many a wedding guest,
Should the kind bridegroom ask us in,
We'll enter and partake the feast.

And when some Magdalen we see,
Helpless and lone upon the street ;
We'll point the way to Calvary,
And bid her wash mild Jesus' feet.

When hard and rugged seems the road,
Or when a transient tempest lowers ;
Care not a straw—a bright abode
And lasting rest will soon be ours.

If friend or kindred we should miss,
We'll sigh not long upon the road ;
For Faith and Hope will whisper this—
“They'll join you in the blest abode.”

Then, brother trav'ller's thro' this life,
Come on, come merrily along ;
We'll all be friends—we'll have no strife—
And guile the road with many a song.



THE FAIR MANIAC.

A BALLAD.

NOTE.—The following piece was written many years ago, when the Author was only in his fifteenth year, and was first published in a collection of Poems entitled the "Tender Blossom."

ON Gunga's shore there dwelt a man,
A wealthy wight was he ;
But not as such whom Heav'n would point
To show what man should be.

To many a vice he had been prone,
From sacred truth away,
Yet, "Heaven forgive my father dear,"
His lovely child would say.

For ah ! in life's declining eve,
On him a daughter smil'd ;
Who was the solace of his home,
His own, his darling child.

For her new hopes, new joys, new grace,
Each smiling summer brought ;
And early with each pious care
Her youthful heart was fraught.

Her gentle parent she had lost
Ere she could lisp her name,
But she her mother's image bore
Redoubled love to claim.

But as her morn of life was bright,
The noon was dark and dear ;
For life is but a sport of fate—
A smile-beam and a tear.

Scarce was the seal of womanhood
Set on her lovely brow ;
Her last surviving parent bade
Adieu to all below.

Now none she had in this wide world,
Save youthful brothers two,
Who, like their old, deluded sire,
In vicious habits grew.

With them this graceful maiden dwelt,
A dove in raven's nest,
And oft their noisy, boist'rous mirth
Would pain her gentle breast.

Possessed of all their father's wealth,
Their joy was loud and free ;
And nightly rang their spacious hall,
With sounds of revelry.

And many a friend now hastening came,
And ready welcome found ;
For friends like birds in summer come,
When plenty smiles around.

Among the rest there came a youth—
A beauteous youth was he ;
But like the boy that Sappho loved,
His heart was treachery.

He was a favour'd child of love,
For 'twas his happy lot
To taste the grosser joys it gave,
But not the pains it brought.

An adept in the art of love,
He knew its mystery,
And well could win a lady's heart,
Yet keep his own heart free.

And he with thrilling rapture saw
Eliza's glowing charms ;
And tho' his soul was all untouch'd,
He feign'd love's fond alarms.

He daily sighed to her of love,
Tho' love he never knew ;
Until the artless maiden's breast
With strange emotions grew.

How bright is virgin's first love-dream,
How sweet its moments glide !
She revell'd in its mellow beam,
Nor thought of aught beside.

With such a homage woman loves,
She seldom pays to God ;
Ah ! she could kiss the very ground
On which her Edgar trod !

But he, deceitful youth, was bent,
To ruin, not adore ;
And when he knew she lov'd him well,
He ask'd for something more.

* * * *

But when he won the valu'd prize,
He seeks her love no more ;
The perjur'd youth now quickly flies ;
His plighted vows are o'er.

And now the maiden oft is seen,
To roam with maniac joy ;
She weeps and laughs, and sometimes says,
"O bring my faithless boy."

Her eye's bright fire is seen no more,
Nor cheeks of roseate hue ;
But weak and pale, and worn and weary,
She comes to public view.

AN APPEAL FOR THE POOR.

THINK of the sorrows of the poor,
Ye high and great ones of the land ;
Think of the sufferings they endure—
Think of the blessings you command.
Ah ! is it not a bitter lot,
To love a wife and see her grieve ?
To hear the children you begot,
Cry for the bread you cannot give ?
Then whilst you're blest with so much store,
Ah ! think what woes await the poor !

Ye sons of wealth, whose tables groan
Beneath the weight of costly food—
Who eat ere hunger goads you on,
And drink when drinking does no good—
While thus you bask in fortune's glare,
And beauty, fashion, rank, surround you ;
Full many a child of want and care,
In many a joyless home around you,
Would make a straving house-hold blest,
With but one-tenth of what you waste !

MOURNFUL STANZAS.

WEEP !—weep !—still must I weep,
As I have done thro' long, long years,
Still flow the heart-tide dark and deep—
My life has been one stream of tears !

Around—above—beneath,
No gloom of sunshine cheers my sight :
One long, long winter, dark as death,
O'erwhelms my spirit's total night !

If I look fondly back
Thro' execrated years gone by,
There's not a spot in mem'ry's track
O'er which the soul might cease to sigh.

One dreary wilderness,
Where joy's sweet blossoms never grew—
One gloomy range of nothingness,
Is all that mem'ry brings to view !

From boyhood's earliest years,
To pensive manhood's matur'd prime,
A pyramid of griefs and cares
Has been my guerdon rais'd by time !

PEERUN.

A BALLAD.

FAIR Peerun she lies where the wild wind sighs,
Along the raging sea ;
'Neath the dark blue wave, by the mermaid's cool cave,
She rests eternally.

She once had a home where friends were welcome,
And loving faces smiled ;
And her gentleness won many a caress—
She was a favorite child.

Her home was in that beautiful town,
Where loveliest roses bloom,
Whose blossoms and flowers lend to earth's distant bower,
Their sweetness and perfume,*

But that maiden so fair with charms so rare,
Was doom'd to piteous plight ;
In an evil hour from her lattic'd tower,
She saw a Christian knight.

That dark-ey'd child of a Paynim sire
In soothe did love the knight,
And at last from her home she resolved to roam,
And fled with that belted knight.

* Ghazee pore.

She lov'd Sir Arthur with love as warm,
As ever woman knew ;
But that Christian knight with his heart so light,
To that maiden was not true.

He took her to a distant land,
And there left her forlorn ;
Ah ! who can relate how bitter her fate,—
Of her fondest hopes all shorn !

That long-cherish'd child of Moslem love,
In exile pines alone ;
Her beauty's young blush—her health's vivid blush,
Her brightest charms are gone.

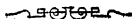
And she whose bounty oft had sooth'd
Full many a child of want,
Now begg'd the bread on which she fed,
The bread so coarse and scant.

At last a ladie from Albion's fair isle,
Who sojourn'd in the land,
Did pity the maid by love betray'd,
And lent her a freindly hand.

And the maiden agreed with her friend to proceed,
To her home where the cold winds sigh,
But the delicate flower of a warm sunny bower,
May not bloom 'neath a wintry sky.

So the poor Moslem maid too speedily was laid,
On the bed of sickness and pain ;
When her kind English friend was compell'd to see
Her to India's land again.

But the journey was long, and the sea wind too strong
For that poor, fragile flower too brave ;
So her spirit one day fled softly away,
And she sleeps in a watery grave !



SONNET.

TO J. G. BACHMAN, ESQ., OF GHAZEEPORE

BROKEN in heart, and worn with early grief,
A youthful exile I had wander'd far,
Thro' green Bengala's plains, with not one star
Of hope to lend a ray however brief,
And give a momentary, short relief
To darkness that o'erwhelm'd my weary way,
When fates auspicious led me to thy door ;
We met—I saw the smile of kindness play
Upon thy cheek, whilst thou didst lead the poor
Unhappy stranger to thy cheerful hearth ;
Then fast the glooms of woe were chas'd away
From this lone heart, while to my eyes the earth
Smill'd fresh again !—The memory of that day
Still sheds upon my heart a calm and hallow'd ray !

TO ROSA.

LADY, in restlessness of soul,
I've wander'd far and travell'd long ;
And long disdain'd to own control
To woman's vow or beauty's song.

The brightest eyes on me have shone,
I've caught love's tenderest glance and smile ;
From dark-ey'd maids of Hindustan,
And gorgeous nymphs from Albion's isle !

But cold as moon-beams on the snow,
Did those unheeded lightnings fall ;
I own'd no warm, responsive glow—
I saw, and I escap'd them all.

Escap'd—but now, alas, to prove,
What they who slight the god must brook—
To gaze with fondest looks of love
On eyes that yield no answering look.

On thine, in hopeless love's despite,
Oft have I fixed the truant gaze,
Like some poor insect courting light,
Perhaps to perish in the blaze !

Farewell—I feel where'er I be,
These restless feelings will rebel ;
The crime that dares to think of thee,
O Lady ! pity and forgive—Farewell !

Ghazee-pore.

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